

SACRED POEMS

O N

The following SUBJECTS:

The RESIGNATION.

MEDITATIONS and CON-
TEMPLATIONS in the
FIELDS. In Seven HYMNS.

A SOLILOQUY on the two last
Verses of PSALM XLIII.

AN ADDRESS to the AGED.

AN ADDRESS to YOUTH.

The DYING BELIEVER.

CHRIST the Believer's Crown
of Rejoicing.

GOD'S LOVE TO MAN,
manifested in the Birth, Life,
Sufferings, Death, Resurrec-
tion and Ascension of our
Blessed Lord and Saviour
JESUS CHRIST.

AN ESSAY on DIVINE
LOVE.

THE LAST DAY. A Vision.

EPITAPH ON MRS. ANN
SLANN.

EPITAPH ON Master DAVID
LANGTON.

To which is prefixed

The C H O I C E.

By JOHN JONES. K

*The Mind, by Verse, to Virtue is subdu'd;
And a true Poet is a publick Good.*

MR. AMBROSE PHILLIPS.

L O N D O N:

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ERRATA.

Page 17. line 15. for charming, read chearing: p. 24. l. 1. for long shade, read lone shade: p. 24. l. 30. for despise, read despair: p. 45. l. 22. for dignity, read deity: p. 47. l. 25. for stones, read stores: same page, l. 27.

Drop precious gums (which merchants from afar
O'er dang'rous seas bear home) and iv'ry there,
With various costly drugs, but trifles are:

p. 63. l. 23. for me, read my: p. 70. l. 2. for
Look'd down and wept, it was at such a sight,
read Look down and weep, it is at such a sight:

p. 76. l. 2. for doth, read do.



THE
P R E F A C E,

EXTRACTED FROM

Dr. CONEY'S ESSAY ON DIVINE POETRY.

I Think there can be no objection of any force against Poetry, if the true ends of its institution be aim'd at, and its useful laws and rules duly observed. The first and best employment of poetry was to compose hymns in honour of the Creator of the universe, and to celebrate the power and goodness of the common benefactor of mankind in the most exalted strains of gratitude and adoration.

Poetry, by her original institution, was never design'd to misguide and pervert mankind, but to instruct and delight them; and, by consequence, a true poet is always supposed to be retained on the side of virtue; and by the sprightliness of his thoughts, and the sweetness of his numbers, may do religion some services, which the most masterly proficient in the rougher and abstruser sciences can never pretend to.

Poets, like other men, have often-times abused their talents, and run counter to their profession: But the art is still sacred and useful; and ought no more to suffer for the mismanagement of the artist, than Christianity is to be abolished for the immorality of its professors; or our church-doors shut up, because a loose clergyman has sometimes officiated at the altar. The scurrility of the press is to be reclaimed; and the labours of poets made useful to the public; but

we have no authority to abolish an act which belongs to the kingdom of heaven, and has God himself for the father of it.

*So ancient is the pedigree of verse,
And so divine the poet's function.*

Poetry, without doubt, is nearly allied to inspiration; and those elevating thoughts and transporting heats which fill the breasts of its votaries, seem to have something of divinity in them. You shall never read of an inspired prophet, but he had some tincture of poetry in his soul; and the footsteps of the Holy Ghost were more eminently visible in those poetic flights and raptures, which are dispersed up and down in his works. The wisest lawgivers and strictest moralists have found it necessary to deliver their precepts and institutions in verse, that they might be the better retained in their memories, and make a deeper impression on the affections of those who were to observe them. Moses, Job, David, and Solomon composed their several odes and anthems in the most lively and exalted manner, and celebrated the praises of their maker with all the delicacy of thought, and harmony of numbers.

Horace recommends morality to the poets, and would send the composers of verse to Socrates and the philosophers for materials:

*For truth and virtue search the ancient schools,
And form your muse by their unerring rules.*

I would beg leave to carry this advice a little farther, and to introduce Christianity as presiding over and refining upon Pagan morality. For the poetry which I would recommend, is strictly divine; and
whoever

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whoever attempts to write that way, must confine himself to God and religion, and speak of both according to the notions and sentiments of scripture. If he designs any original poems on the being, attributes, and providence of a deity, he may be sure to have that assistance from revelation, which the heathens have so vainly petitioned Apollo and the muses for. If his mind runs upon translation, paraphrase, or imitation, the scriptures have so many exalted subjects, and poetical descriptions, as may not only engage his pen, but elevate and ennoble his fancy. It is a disgrace to our nation and religion that revelation should be so much neglected, and pagan learning so eagerly cultivated and encouraged. The most debauched of the classics have been turned into our language, with some additional strokes to their original obscenity, and appeared in a more loose dress in England than ever they durst do in Rome. For what Augustus thought fit to banish a lascivious Ovid, our poets have introduced him into Great Britain; and the ladies have been so obliging, as to receive him into their closets, and make him their confidant and confessor. I am sure a more useful companion may be framed from scripture; and not only better advice, but better poetry may be fetched from David and Solomon. For all the books of the Bible are either already most admirable and exalted pieces of poetry, or the best materials in the world for it. If the fertility of invention, the majesty of thought, the flights of fancy, and the force of rhetoric be the common graces and ornaments of poetry, I would desire no other favour of ingenious men, than to understand the scriptures perfectly, and they will then look
with

with less veneration upon the heathen world, and conclude that all learning was not confined to Rome and Athens.

I am confident that any one who has a true taste of the heathen poets, will soon discover the variety of Horace's odes in the psalms of David; the loftiness and majesty of Virgil in the writings of the prophets; and the sweetness of Ovid and Catullus in the songs of Moses and Deborah, and the Canticles of Solomon. The lamentation over Saul and Jonathan will appear more moving and poetical than the tears of Venus for Adonis; the fight of David and Goliath more terrible and heroic than the contest between Ajax and Ulysses; and the patience and sufferings of Job a fitter plan for an Epic poem, than any of the prosperous adventures of Homer's heroes.

Why then should we not introduce a poetry suitable to our religion, and take as much pains in truth as profane wits have done in beautifying fiction? Religion is now come into the place of fable, and we are to look upon the history of gods and heroes as so many pieces of knight-errantry, the invention of dark and grosser ages. The world is enlightened by revelation, and wit should make choice of more instructive themes, and not always dwell upon romantic tales of ignorance and superstition. What can we imagine more proper for the ornaments of learning in the story of Deucalion than in that of Noah? Why will not the actions of Sampson afford as plentiful matter as the labours of Hercules? Why is not Jephtha's daughter as good a woman as Iphigenia? and the friendship of David and Jonathan more worthy celebration than that of Theseus and Pirithöus? Does not the passage of Moses and the children of
Israel

Israel into the Holy Land yield incomparably more poetical variety than the voyages of Ulysses and Æneas? Are the obsolete and thread-bare tales of Thebes and Troy half so stored with great, heroical, and supernatural actions as the wars of Joshua, of the Judges, of David, and divers others?

In these, and many more instances, the facts of scripture are very rapturous and entertaining, and the narratives and descants of divine writers upon them not only transcend the classics in truth and judgment, but in majesty of thought, and all the constituent parts of true poetry.

Since, therefore, the world has been debauched by loose sonnets and obscene translations, and some sceptical persons have taken such a liberty in exposing and ridiculing the scriptures, it is certainly a very Christian undertaking to shew the beauty and excellency of these writings; and by fetching our materials from this inexhaustible magazine of wit and eloquence, to try the force and prevalency of numbers towards the conversion of the gay and airy, and the silencing the scurrilous and profane.

For the accomplishment of this end, it is requisite, in the next place, that we should treat our subjects with seriousness and gravity, and avoid all ludicrous expressions and wanton jests in our composition: for poetry, methinks, is never so charming and attractive as in a religious dress; and never shews herself to the best advantage, but when she is employed in the praises of the great Maker of the world.

I know the current practice of modern writers is against this doctrine; and that a celebrated French wit hath declared in behalf of them all, that poetry appears

appears no-where so gay as in a wanton and irregular subject †.

But what pity is it that so divine an art should be retained on the side of vice, and forced to plead the cause of infidelity! What a disgrace to the most genteel and polite parts of literature, that lively thoughts and apt expressions must varnish over the nastiness of an intrigue, and celebrate the charms of a strumpet! “It is not without grief and indignation,” says Mr. Cowley, “that I behold this divine science employing her inexhaustible riches either in the wicked and beggarly flattery of great persons, or the unmanly idolizing of foolish women, or the wretched affection of scurrilous laughter, or at best on the confused antiquated dreams of senseless fables and metamorphoses.” What! will witty men never give off their trifling and folly; and must poets always bear the character of madmen and buffoons! Is there nothing but fury and profaneness in numbers and rhimes! nothing but hymns to Bacchus and encomiums to Venus! Is drunkenness essential to poetic inspiration! and are the brains so barren and dry, that they must be watered and moistened before they fructify and increase? Alas! these are senseless rants, and ridiculous delusions. The heathens supposed their muses to be chaste and modest virgins; and there never was any odium cast upon them, till they were prostituted by the base pens of wanton and debauched wits. Decency and good manners were the original character of a poet; and filthiness and obscenity are the product of later ages, and the addition of more barbarous nations. It is time now to

† Seign. MONTAIGNE's Essays, vol. i. chap. 26.

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scour off the rust, and charity to convert the prodigal; it is time to shake off the usurpation, and break through the prescription of vice: Poetry is to be rescued from her servile employment; to be stript of her taudry and lascivious garb, and be cloathed again in a modest dress: she is to abandon the stews and the tavern, to be brought from the stage to the altar, and to be retained for a companion of saints and confessors.

The great admirers and encouragers of poetry are the fair-sex, whose soft and tender natures are generally struck with the sweetness of numbers, and harmony of verse; and what affront is it to their modesty! what a reproach to good sense and manners, to offer any thing obscene and licentious to the perusal of a woman!

Mr. Pope is of opinion, that the wit and ingenuity of a poem cannot compensate for the obscenity of it; and Mr. Cowley, my lord Roscommon, and the late duke of Buckingham, will not so much as allow, that any thing which is obscene can be witty or ingenious in poetry. The composition is vitiated by these filthy ingredients, and the appetite is pall'd by such gross and lascivious morsels; nature starts at these unhallowed sounds, and the blood rises and bids defiance, when the ear is wounded, and the heart attacked.

*No pardon vile obscenity should find,
Tho' wit and art conspire to move the mind:
Immodest words admit of no defence;
For want of decency is want of sense.*

HAVING finished what I intended to extract from the fore-mentioned Essay, I beg leave to inform the
a reader,

reader, that the following poems were written purely for my own amusement, without the least thought or design of ever making them public; and had it not been for the earnest and repeated solicitations of some of my friends, they had never appeared in print. The principal design of them is to celebrate the love of God in Christ Jesus to a lost and perishing world. I am conscious to myself how far short I have fallen of that sublimity of thought, and majesty of expression which are due to such a theme; a theme that would exhaust the skill of the most eloquent archangel to set it forth, and to whose stupendous height the most exalted seraphim's thought can never soar. If the sincere Christian shall find either pleasure or profit in perusing the following lines; if any thing that may help to enliven their devotion, and carry their thoughts still higher in the contemplation of heavenly things; if any thing that may warm their hearts with a grateful sense of the Redeemer's love, I shall never be uneasy at any censures that may be passed on them by persons of a different stamp, but shall think my weak labours abundantly repaid by having the approbation of the former, and account myself

*Happy if these my lines successful prove,
To make one sinner look on Christ, and love.*

I shall close the preface with transcribing two poems from the same reverend author; the one on Solitude, the other on Repentance. The first exactly expresses my own sentiments on a solitary life (to me the most desirable of all earthly enjoyments). In the second, are beautifully painted the struggles and
distresses

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distresses of a soul truly awakened to a sense of its own misery by nature, and humbly suing to God for mercy and forgiveness.

On SOLITUDE.

I.

O Blest retreat! transporting solitude!
The rev'rend mansion of the good,
Where heav'nly thoughts my soul inspire;
Where all without me is serene,
And all as calm within.
From whence all vice and impudence retire;]
For vice and impudence can't live alone;
They're born and nurs'd up in a throng,
And still pursue the crowded town;
To palaces and cities still resort,
And pay attendance at the fawning court.

II.

O blest retreat! the pious residence
Of virtue, peace, and innocence;
Where calm humility has fixt her rest,
Free from the ravage of insulting pride;
Where plenty builds her halcyon nest;
Where gentle zephyr, on his breathing wings,
The balmy sweets of spicy odours brings,
And harmless pleasures in their silver currents glide,

III.

O blest retreat ! transporting solitude !
 The rev'rend mansion of the good ;
 Thy silent paths lead to the realms of bliss ;
 And thy sweet garden is
 The emblem of our former paradise.
 Thy purling streams, and crystal floods,
 Thy humble vales, and lofty woods ;
 Thy flow'ry meads, and shady groves,
 Are prospects which my ravish'd fancy loves.
 Blest solitude ! how easy could I be,
 Had I the happiness to spend
 The remnant of my days with thee !
 Could I enjoy no other friend
 But my own soul's seraphic company !

IV.

'Tis here th' immortal poets have their seat,
 And on the muse's inspiration wait.
 The muse for charity renown'd,
 Scar'd by the noises of a wanton town,
 Has chosen here her innocent retreat :
 Here she exerts her heav'nly fire,
 And sets her numbers to her lyre.
 Here warbling birds and merry swains
 Join in the concert, and repeat her strains ;
 And their melodious accents fill
 Each silent grove, and list'ning hill,
 Until applauding echo all around,
 Back to the muses ears returns the pleasing sound.

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V.

'Tis thou, blest solitude, excit'ft my lays,
And recommend'ft my Maker's praise;
For when I fix my wand'ring eye
On nature's sweet variety,
Where ev'ry herb, and ev'ry plant
Produce a lively argument
Of their all-wise Creator's pow'r,
How does the beauteous scene my soul inspire,
And wing my fancy with uncommon fire!
And then, O heav'ns! how my transported tongue
In lofty numbers vents her grateful song!

On R E P E N T A N C E.

I.

O Gracious God! propitious king!
Whose kindness knows no end;
O unexhausted spring!
From whence the streams of mercy roll,
Let the refreshing current now descend,
And cool the ragings of my burning soul.

II.

My sins, O God, I must confess,
Are, like thy mercies, numberless.
Still, still before my frightened eyes
The hideous prospect stands;
Terror upon my conscience lies,
And guiltless blood defiles my hands.

III.

III.

'Tis thee, 'tis thee, my constant friend;
 'Tis thee, my parent, and my God,
 The kind protector in my cares,
 The tender guardian of my infant years :
 'Tis thee, 'tis thee, my sins offend,
 And dread the lashes of thy vengeful rod.

IV.

At thy tremendous bar I stand,
 Imploring mercy from thy hand,
 Array'd in truth, shouldst thou in judgment sit,
 And me condemn to fall,
 Thy justice, Lord, I must acquit,
 And curse myself, the criminal.

V.

Thou know'st how first I did begin;
 How my conception was in sin;
 And how the seeds of wickedness
 Were mingled in the working mass :
 Thou know'st when from my mother's womb
 The struggling burthen came,
 I drew pollution with my early breath,
 And suck'd in guilt from her who brought me forth.

VI.

But thou, O Lord, (whose piercing eye
 Can thro' the lurking-holes of conscience pry) :
 Thou, holy God, dost me require
 To quench the flames of lustful fire,
 And

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And quell the rebel-thought within,
Just as 'tis dawning into sin,
And stop the risings of each fond desire.
But ah! th' attempt must unsuccessful prove,
Without assistance from thy gen'rous love.

VII.

Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean;
Wash me, O God, from ev'ry loathsome stain;
And then my soul with new-fall'n snow shall vie,
In harmless white simplicity;
Dispel the low'ring cloud of woe,
Which hangs so heavy on my brow.
Let the dark dismal scene retire,
And joyful news salute my ear:
The joyful news I mean,
That thou hast pardon'd all my sin.
Then shall new life seize ev'ry part;
My tongue shall propagate thy praises round;
My broken bones shall into order start,
And dance transported at the pleasing sound.

VIII.

My sins are so prodigious great,
They can't the fiery trial bear;
Thy killing presence does create
In me such horror and despair;
My spirits flag, my heart is faint,
My lips grow weary of complaint,
And my cold blood runs back for fear.

IX.

IX.

Oh! send me then a kind reprieve;
Let gentle mercy bid me live;
Let not thy vengeance cry aloud;
But hide thy wrathful face awhile
Under the covert of some friendly cloud,
Till pity calm thee to a pleasing smile.
Then let thy milder rays appear
With their refreshing influence.
Let mercy's hand erase the grand offence,
And free th' offender from his guilt and fear.

X.

Send down the Holy Paraclete,
To turn distorted nature's bent;
To guide th' unskilful penitent,
And reformation's dawning work complete.
Let him erect his empire in my soul,
And dictate there without controul:
Let him each secret thought inspect;
And if rebellious passions should combine
To mutiny, let him correct
Th' unruly sallies of my boist'rous mind.

SACRED POEMS.

The CHOICE.

WOULD heav'n (but heav'n knows Best) grant
my desire;
To some sweet solitude I would retire;
Where, free from anxious care, and worldly strife,
I'd calmly spend the remnant of my life:
Far from the town (where noisy tumult reigns,
And vice, triumphant, struts in golden chains;
Where oaths and curses wound the Christian ear,
And all the horrid forms of guilt appear);
I would be gone to scenes more pleasing, where
Sweet-scented violets blow, and breathe a purer air.
A cottage small (I want no lordly seat),
Near some fair river's side, be my retreat;
Join'd to a village, where I might repair,
Warm'd with devotion, to the house of pray'r.
Neat, and convenient, should the structure be,
Nor rais'd for pride, nor doom'd to luxury.
Before the front a verdant lawn should spread,
Down to the limpid stream its flow'ry paths should lead;

2 The CHOICE.

Near whose green verge, aspiring to the skies,
In graceful rows, the tow'ring elms should rise.
A garden neat the mansion should surround,
In whose well-stor'd inclosure should be found
Trees, herbs, and roots, for food or physick meet,
Embow'ring shades, and various flowers sweet.

When Phœbus from his wat'ry couch doth rise,
Leaps on his radiant car, and mounts the skies
With dewy locks unbars the gates of light,
To let in day, and chase the sullen night,
I'd oft ascend unto some mountain's height;
From whence I would the heav'ns above survey,
Which do God's glory and his skill display;
And firmament, whose peerless beauties show
His handy-works to mortals here below.
Hence would I view the rosy morn advance,
While o'er the hills, in shining circles, dance
The messengers of Sol's approaching light,
To drive off every ling'ring shade of night:
Awake the groves to vocal harmony;
And bid the silver streams run murmur'ing by:
While through the trees the gentle breezes play,
And shed their balmy odours o'er the op'ning day.

Some books I'd have, of ev'ry useful kind;
Where pleasure and instruction sweetly join'd,
Such heav'n-born science to the mind impart,
As rules the judgment, and reforms the heart.

First, in pre-eminence, that sacred word,
Which doth God's wisdom, pow'r, and love record;

Where

The CHOICE.

Where prophets and apostles all conspire,
The mind t'enlighten with celestial fire,
And raise the soul from ev'ry low desire.

Sage hist'ry, whose instructive pages show
The course of providence, in things below;
Bring back past time, vast revolutions tell,
How Rome arose, and mighty Carthage fell:
How Pompey fought, and Caesar did subdue:
How Scipio great Hannibal o'erthrew:
How Babylon was, for her pride, brought low:
What scenes of blood, and swelling seas of woe,
Thro' wretched Salem's mournful streets did flow!
While, in these authors works, I did survey,
How kingdoms fall, and empires do decay;
I'd learn how earthly glories fade away.

Oft, when retired from the sultry heat
Of summer suns, I seek a cool retreat
Beneath embow'ring shades, Plutarch should be
My near companion, in whose lines I see
Fame, honour, titles, are but empty sounds,
Riches deceitful prove, and pride gives deadly wounds.
Here I survey how men of great renown,
Were from the pinnacle of state thrust down,
Hurl'd into base obscurity, or dy'd,
Self-murder'd fell! victims to their own pride.
Some (thought beyond the reach of fortune's frown),
To empires rais'd, from splendid thrones look down
On all beneath them with contempt and scorn;
Sceptres their hands, and crowns their heads adorn;

The CHOICE

Bath'd in soft pleasures, and luxurious ease,
 All sun-shine seems, calm as unruffled seas,
 When winds are hush'd, and sleeps the gentle breeze;
 Anon! (reduc'd to all th' extremes of ill)
 Are forc'd to obey some haughty cong'ror's will;
 To drag his chariot in vile slavery,
 Or bound in chains, in dungeons doom'd to lie,
 While none to comfort, or to pity them, is nigh.
 The cong'ror next (plung'd in the same sad fate)
 Falls headlong from the precipice of state;
 Seprn'd by the men who once his pow'r rever'd,
 Afraid of those by whom he once was fear'd,
 Hence would I learn the mutability
 Of sublunary bliss, th' uncertainty
 Of all that men call happiness below,
 Thin, shad'wy joys, leading to solid woe.

The muses too my study should invite;
 Whose glowing pages ravish and delight,
 And fill the breast with more than mortal fire;
 Such as did once the * shepherd lad inspire,
 (Who fed his flocks in Beth'lem's fruitful plains)
 To tune his oaten reed to heav'nly strains:
 Such be my choice, whom noble ardour fir'd,
 To sing creation's beauties; or aspir'd,
 In lofty verse, t'applaud the love divine,
 When God to man did his own nature join,
 Thompson, who doth in lively numbers sing
 The blooming beauties of the rising spring;

David.

The CHOICE

3

Of summer harvests and of autumn's store,
 Of winter's furious blasts and wild uproar,
 Milton, Bulkeley, Norris, Brown, and Young,
 Pope, Cowley, Broom, and Watts, who sweetly sung
 In moral strains, or wrapt into divine,
 Whose flowing themes with sweet instruction shine.
 Detests my soul the wanton and profane,
 Whose curled themes with guilt the pages stain,
 Awake the loudest passions in the mind,
 And all its pow'rs to sensual pleasures bind,
 Their soft, smooth numbers in perdition drown,
 And sooth the guilty list'ner to damnation down.
 Should heav'n, to mark them, be severely just,
 The impious pages of those authors must
 To their eternal condemnation rise;
 But, Lord, thy mercies are above the skies!
 Next, those who have the universe survey'd,
 Investigated nature, and display'd
 Her wond'rous works in heav'n, earth, air, and seas,
 Instructive science! thou my study be.
 Here, while I muse, wonders on wonders rise,
 In earth, in air, in seas, in starry skies,
 In fish, in birds, in beasts, in plants, in mines,
 But more in man, who in God's image shines.
 My thoughtful soul, while it surveys around
 Th' amazing scenes that in those works are found,
 To him who did the mighty fabrick rear,
 And still upholds, should thus direct her pray'r:
 " O Wisdom Infinite! O Pow'r Divine!
 " Let thy bright beams of mercy on me shine:

And

" And while thy goodness in thy works I trace,
 " Thou supreme God! to me unveil thy face;
 " Open mine eyes, my ignorance to see,
 " And teach me, Lord, to know myself, and thee;
 " So will I lowly at thy footstool fall,
 " And thee adore, thou first great cause of all!"

As labour's healthful, and God first design'd
 Man should by labour his subsistence find;
 The lot be mine the garden to attend,
 The soil to culture, or its fence to mend;
 The too luxuriant shoots with care to crop,
 Or wither'd branches from the trees to lop.
 The plants I'd nurse, the tender flowers rear;
 The vine I'd prune, and spread its branches fair,
 To meet th' embrace of Sol's pervading ray,
 Whose genial beams prolific heat convey,
 Deep-pregnating the darksome womb of earth,
 To give the vegetable tribes their birth.
 Of twining woodbines, and sweet eglantines,
 The blushing rose, and stately jessamines,
 I'd form a fragrant bower, aptly design'd
 In serious study to indulge the mind.

And since mankind for mutual helps were made,
 And each to each to lend his friendly aid;
 I would no stranger to those pleasures be,
 Which rise from friendship's sweet society.
 True love to God those men can never know,
 Whose breasts with friendship's sacred fire ne'er glow.
 O! for a friend, whose free and generous mind
 Is to no sordid, selfish views confin'd,

Whose

The CHOICE.

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Whose tongue is ne'er with base detraction ript,
Nor speeches are in gall and wormwood dipt;
No vile contemner of JEHOVAH's laws;
Faithful to Cæsar, and his country's cause;
Who shuns the path that's by the scorner trod,
And faith prefers, and piety to God:
Whose gen'rous soul no mean distinction knows,
Alike to all with charity o'erflows;
Burns with warm zeal the wretched to relieve,
Joys with the joyful, grieves with them that grieve:
Who to the helpless ne'er his help prolongs,
By asking to what party he belongs;
No motive seeks, but man's necessity;
PHILANTHROPOS should our lov'd motto be.

While summer reigns, with smiling verdure crown'd,
And springing flowers diffuse their sweets around,
Oft would I range the field and shady grove,
Where birds are warbling artless tales of love;
Observe their nimble flight from spray to spray,
Listen, attentive, to the tuneful lay;
While the shrill echo spreads the accent round,
And charms the ear with their harmonious sound.
Nor less delighted should my eyes survey
How op'ning buds the foliage green display;
And flowers their beauties spread, to meet the rising day.
The winding streams that glide thro' flow'ry meads,
The gentle Zephyrs breathing thro' the reeds;
The brooks that, murm'ring, roll o'er pebbles sheen,
The lonely musick of the rural scene;

The

The solitary turtle's mournful strains;
 The solemn silence that around me reigns;
 I feel their sacred influence on me rest,
 And heav'nly meditations swell my breast.
 Beneath a cooling shade I'll sit, reclin'd
 Upon some mossy bank, while in my mind
 My suffering Saviour's passion shall awake;
 How he a throne of glory did forsake,
 Stoop'd down to earth, ven'd in humanity,
 To bring me up from depths of misery,
 To drink immortal joys at life's pure well,
 Where pain expires, and pleasures ever dwell.
 How liv'd, and suffer'd, groan'd, and bled, and dy'd,
 And, in my stead, stern justice satisfy'd,
 And, when the Law could not, the sinner justify'd.

When all the horrors of bleak winter rise,
 And storms come blustering from the northern skies,
 The trees of all their verdant pride are strip,
 And tender plants by chilling frosts are nipt;
 Sweet Philomela strains her voice no more,
 And all the songs that charm'd the woods are o'er;
 The groves and flow'ry fields no more invite
 To moonlight walks, the studious mind's delight;
 Where his free thoughts in contemplations rise,
 And, unmolested, traverse all the skies;
 Views all its beauties, while in silent praise
 His soul ascends to God, and humble homage pays.
 Yet would I not forsake my calm retreat,
 Nor for the town exchange my rural seat,

The days in wholesome exercise I'd spend;
 The ev'nings long, in converse with my friends;
 Where we together would sweet counsel take,
 Our calling and election sure to make;
 And jointly celebrate, in hymns of praise,
 The matchless wonders of redeeming grace.
 Thus would I pass the gloomy season thro',
 Till Sol returns to cloathe the earth anew;
 The fields again in all their pride appear,
 The primrose blows, and lily white and fair;
 Cowslips and v'lets deck the painted meads,
 And all the flow'ry tribes lift up their heads;
 While the feather'd choir clap their glad wings, and sing
 The pleasing change, and blest return of spring.
 Should heav'n propitious to my wishes prove,
 And grant me thus to live the life I love;
 I'd envy nor the rich, nor proud, nor great,
 Their fading honours, nor their boasted state:
 In sweet retirement I'd spend my days,
 Until (if heav'n so will'd) my mortal frame decays,
 Worn out with age, then render up my breath
 A willing victim to the stroke of death;
 Nor meet the grisly spectre with surprise,
 But welcome his approach, then close mine eyes,
 And gently sink into the silent dust,
 While my glad soul ascends, to reign among the just.

The solitary turtle's mournful strains;
 The solemn silence that around me reigns;
 I feel their sacred influence on my rest,
 And heav'nly meditations swell my breast.
 Beneath a cooling shade I'll sit, reclin'd
 Upon some mossy bank, while in my mind
 My suffering Saviour's passion shall awake;
 How he a throne of glory did forsake,
 Stoop'd down to earth, veil'd in humanity,
 To bring me up from depths of misery,
 To drink immortal joys at life's pure well,
 Where pain expires, and pleasures ever dwell?
 How liv'd, and suffer'd, groan'd, and bled, and dy'd,
 And, in my stead, stern justice satisfy'd,
 And, when the Law could not, the sinner justify'd.

When all the horrors of bleak winter rise,
 And storms come blatt'ring from the northern skies,
 The trees of all their verdant pride are strip,
 And tender plants by chilling frosts are nip;
 Sweet Philomela strains her voice no more,
 And all the songs that charm'd the woods are o'er;
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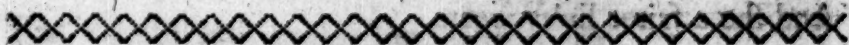
The RESIGNATION.

MY God, to thee my choice I wholly leave;
 Choose for me as thou wilt, I will not grieve.
 Give me thy love, I all the rest resign;
 Thy will, thy only will, be done,---not mine.
 Thou, who didst raise me from a clod of earth,
 Spak'st me to life, who gav'st my being birth;
 Thou knowest best what worketh for my good,
 Or calms, or storms, or cares, or solitude.
 If prosp'rous gales should gently waft me o'er
 The sea of life, to the celestial shore;
 If thro' my journey suns serenely smile,
 And all the toil and pain of life beguile;
 If, to the happy seats of endless day,
 Thro' flow'ry paths thou dost direct my way;
 Thy undeserved goodness I'll proclaim,
 Who less than th' least of all thy mercies am;
 The most unworthy of the least of all
 The slighted crumbs that from thy table fall,
 Or if thy providence shall so ordain,
 That I must sail thro' life with toil and pain;
 If here I must a stranger be to rest,
 By crosses stung, and thorny cares oppress;
 If o'er rough seas my little bark must go,
 By stormy billows tossed to and fro;

Should

S A C R E D P O E M S.

Should low'ring clouds hang heavy in the skies,
 And threat'ning tempests all around me rise;
 Should rocks, and shelves, and quicksands all appear,
 And yelling monsters speak destruction near;
 Yet, Lord, on thee I will my spirit stay,
 Thou wilt for my escape find out a way;
 And safely land me on the wish'd-for shore,
 Where storms shall cease, and troubles are no more.
 At what thou dost permit, I'll not repine:
 It is thy will, and therefore shall be mine,



MEDITATIONS and CONTEMPLATIONS in the FIELDS.

H Y M N I.

I.

AWAKE, my soul! awake! awake!
 Dull slumbers from thine eye-lids shake;
 Aurora's dawning rays appear,
 And tell the swains that day is near.

II.

Awake! awake! walk forth, and see
 The light appear, while shadows flee;
 The rosy morning doth arise,
 And smiling beauty decks the skies.

III.

Hark! how the groves with musick ring;
The chearful birds awake and sing;
The flow'rs their opening sweets display;
To usher in the rising day.

IV.

Late had the gloomy shades of night
Hid nature's beauties from my sight;
But lo! returning day appears,
And she a fairer liv'ry wears.

V.

So, when the sun of righteousness
Rises, the darken'd soul to bless
With the bright beams of gospel light,
And burst the clouds of error's night;

VI.

O what transcendent beauties rise,
And fill that soul with sweet surprise!
He views, in Jesu's smiling face
Mercy benign, and pard'ning grace.

HYMN II.

I.
THY works, O Lord, thy praise resound;

Thro' all creation's ample round;
 All creatures do thy goodness prove;
 They shew thy pow'r, and sing thy love.

II.

The wakeful lark begins the song,
 And soars aloft with warbling tongue;
 Soft accents strike the yielding air,
 And sweetly charm the list'ning ear.

III.

But far more sweet to me that voice
 Which bids my soul in Christ rejoice;
 Tells me my sins are all forgiv'n,
 And shews my name enroll'd in heav'n.

IV.

Soon as the light begins to dawn,
 And gild the hills, and paint the lawn;
 She from her dewy nest doth rise,
 And sings her mattins in the skies.

V.

So when the shades of nature's night
 Are fled, and the sweet dawning light

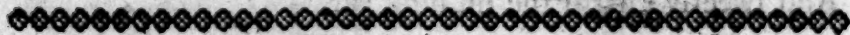
Of Jesu's rays doth on me rise,
It bears my soul above the skies;

VI.

Where tunes of sweeter sounds I hear,
Than those which late so charm'd my ear;
Where angels try their utmost skill,
And heav'n with sounding praises fill:

VII.

Sweeter than larks, or nightingales,
That sing in groves, or flow'ry vales;
Surpassing far all mortal sounds,
As heav'n transcends all earthly bounds.



H Y M N III.

I.

THY mercy, Lord, thy tenderness
O'er all thy works extended is;
Thy goodness does on all descend,
Thy loving-kindness knows no end;

II.

The painted mead, the verdant field,
To sportive flocks sweet pasture yield;
And while the shepherd tunes his reed,
The harmless lambkins round him feed.

III.

SACRED POEMS.

15

III.

Thy providence these flocks disclose,
Their wool my garments doth compose;
Thou for my food their flesh dost give,
And on thy bounty, Lord, I live.

IV.

Before the shearer dumb they stand,
Nor murmur at the slaught'ring hand;
Without a groan their lives resign,
To feed this worthless life of mine.

V.

Thus the meek, patient Lamb of God
Pour'd out his life's last drop of blood,
When hanging on Mount Calvary,
He dy'd a sacrifice for me.

VI.

My Lord, on saving souls intent,
A willing lamb to slaughter went;
Nor murmur'd, though the deadly blow
Would cause his dear heart's blood to flow.

VII.

To feed my soul he gives his flesh,
And cloathes me with his righteousness;
Offers his blood my thirst t'allay,
And wash my foulest sins away.

HYMN

H Y M N IV.

I.

THE river's gently-rolling stream,
 With beauty decks the rural scene;
 And as it glides thro' flow'ry plains,
 Relieves the panting thirsty swains.

II.

Hither the flocks and herds repair,
 Conducted by the shepherd's care;
 Who seeks them pastures fair and good,
 And leads them to the cooling flood.

III.

So to the fields of pure delight
 My shepherd doth my soul invite,
 Where he a table doth prepare,
 To feast me with his princely fare.

IV.

He doth conduct me to the spring,
 Where angels sit and sweetly sing;
 Where ever-living fountains rise
 Far above these inferior skies.

V.

When from the flock a sheep doth stray,
 Or wander from the fold away,

The

The shepherd seeks the wand'ring sheep,
And from the wolf his charge doth keep.

VI.

So when my soul (in deep distress)
Was wand'ring in the wilderness,
'Jesus, my shepherd, found me there,
And to his fold my soul did bear.

VII.

Tho' wolves, from the infernal shade,
On every side my soul invade,
My shepherd puts them all to flight,
And chains them down in seven-fold night.



H Y M N V.

I.

HIS burning wheels the shining sun
In peerless majesty rolls on;
And as from east to west he roams,
Sheds life and vigour where he comes.

II.

But far more charming are the rays
Shed from my dear Redeemer's grace;
If these bright beams upon me shine,
My soul is fill'd with life divine.

III.

The flaming orb's meridian blaze
Darts down on earth his scorching rays;
Yon wood will yield a sweet retreat,
A covert from the sultry heat.

IV.

Here the shrill birds their voices raise,
To celebrate their Maker's praise;
From every bough their artless tongues
Proclaim his love in warbled songs.

V.

Here verdant trees their branches spread,
And form a cool refreshing shade;
With eglantines and woodbines bound,
Which shed their fragrant sweets around.

VI.

O sacred, solemn, calm retreat!
Sweet contemplation's lonely seat;
Wrapp'd in thy venerable gloom,
I'll sit and muse on things to come.

VII.

See, in the shadow of this wood,
An emblem of my dying God;
It shelters from the scorching rays
Of burning Sol's meridian blaze.

VIII.

VIII.

Thus do thy wounds, thou slaughter'd lamb,
Shelter my soul from sin and shame;
Thy groans, thy tears, thy streaming blood,
Cover me from the wrath of God.

HYMN VI.

THUS on thy works I'll meditate,
The least will some great lesson learn,
And teach me how to celebrate
Thy praise, till I to dust return.

II.

And when the vale of death I tread,
O Jesu, Saviour, near me stand;
And bear thou up my fainting head,
And safely lead me to the land,

III.

Where happy spirits thy throne surround,
And, falling prostrate, thee adore;
Where ever-blooming joys abound,
Nor sin, nor death, can enter more.

H Y M N VII.

To the TRINITY.

I.

THEE, mighty God, whose voice produc'd
 Yon skies, and this terraqueous ball;
 Bade suns to shine, and seas to roll,
 I sing thy pow'r, high over all.

II.

Jesu, whom pity did incline
 To save my soul from endless thrall;
 Who ransom'd me with blood divine,
 I sing thy love, high over all!

III.

O Holy Ghost! mysterious dove!
 Thy sacred influ'nce doth impart
 Light, life, and peace, and joy, and love,
 To ev'ry true believer's heart.

IV.

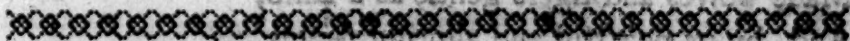
Blest Comforter of all that mourn,
 May wand'ring sinners hear thy call;
 So shall they all with songs return,
 And sing thy grace high over all.

When years shall fail, months, days expire,

And nature's works exist no more,

Thee, ever-blessed Trinity,

Angels and men shall still adore.



A SOLILOQUY

On the two last Verses of the Forty-third Psalm,

*Why art thou so heavy, O my soul; and why art thou so
disquieted within me? O put thy trust in God; for I will
yet give him thanks, who is the light of my countenance,
and my God.*

WHY art thou so cast down, my soul; or why
Do these sad thoughts lodge in my troubled breast?
Why doth sad sorrow drown mine eyes in tears,
While all the gloomy night I sleepless lie,
And vent my grief in melancholy means?
Why do these doubts and fears perplex my mind,
And drive me on to gloomy black despair?
Why sink my spirits down, oppress'd with woe,
While low'ring grief paints on my mournful brow,
In silent pomp, the sorrows of my soul?
Can aught contain'd in this terraqueous globe
Give solid bliss, or settled peace of mind?
Its splendid honours, or its shining wealth;
The gay, throng'd city, or the lonely shade;

The

The mingl'd fragrance of the blooming earth,
 Or gentle murmurs of descending floods;
 The gloom of night, or chearful beams of day;
 The melting sound of musick's sweetest notes,
 That once (as poets feign) tam'd savage bears,
 Made wolves and tigers gentle as a lamb,
 And, by its pow'rful and alluring strains,
 Inspir'd warm life in things inanimate;
 Can aught of these, or all of them conjoin'd,
 Sooth the sad anguish of a wounded heart,
 Alleviate a mind deep-sunk in woe,
 Or fill the akeing void where God is not?
 Alas! they offer all their help in vain;
 In vain they strive to allay, but cannot give
 One moment's pause of grief to my sad soul.

Where shall I go! O whither shall I turn!
 Where find a place to ease my lab'ring mind,
 (A mind that fain would wander from its woe)
 And fly the cruel pain of absent good?
 Is there no pow'r can ease or comfort give?
 No pitying hand a med'cine will apply,
 To lull my weary spirit to repose,
 And chear me in this dark, dark night of woe?
 There is---a ray of hope begins to dawn;
 My heaving breast presages something nigh;
 Something divine forbids my sad complaint;
 A sound far more than mortal strikes my ear,
 And sweetly vibrates on my list'ning soul.
 O what celestial voice is it I hear!
 Silent, it on a stream of pity floats

Down

Down to my pensive breast, and doth convey

These cheering accents to my fainting heart :

“ O put thy trust in God ; tho’ high he sits

“ Upon an empyrean throne of light,

“ Far from this dusky world, this dark abode ;

“ Sad realm of woe ! where sorrow keeps her court,

“ And sin reigns mistress of the dark domain ;

“ Yet from that throne propitious he looks down,

“ And lets a ray of heav’nly pity fall,

“ To cheer the soul that doth in darkness mourn.”

Then fly despair ; for ever from me fly ;

Thou haggard fiend, no more torment my breast.

Tho’ doubts and fears assail my trembling heart,

And high the waves of sorrow round me roll ;

Tho’ ev’ry comfort from my soul is fled,

And leaves me hopeless and forlorn awhile,

I yet shall rise superior to them all,

And thank my God in ceaseless songs of praise.

Lo ! thro’ a cloud from yonder transverse beam,

High fix’d on Calv’ry’s steep, I now behold

A bright, a glorious sun begin to dawn,

Which beams sweet mercy on my trembling heart !

Look ! look, my soul ! O look ! ’tis he ! ’tis Jesus !

Who from the height of heav’nly bliss stoop’d down

To view thee in thy sad, thy deep distress,

And ran with timely aid to thy relief.

O look ! and by the eye of faith survey

What in that dreadful hour he did endure,

When o’er the world tremendous midnight reign’d,

And spread its black’ning horrors round the sky !

He

He (kneeling in Gethsemane's long shade)
 Sweated great drops of blood with very pain.
 O! 'twas to him a dreadful night indeed!
 And big with deadly terror and amaze.
 Almighty wrath hung heavy on his soul;
 Its deadly poison drank his spirits up,
 And pierc'd his heart with pangs unfelt before,
 Till in deep-torror'd agony he cry'd,
 " Lord! let this bitter cup pass from my soul."

Or view him on the cross extended hang,
 Despis'd, distressed, afflicted and forlorn;
 Crush'd with the pond'rous load of all thy guilt,
 He groans and sighs, while in one common stream
 The tears, and sweat, and blood, flow mingled down.

Know then, my soul, it is thy sov'reign good
 To sit beneath the droppings of his blood;
 Here, only here, true peace of mind doth flow,
 A conquer'd, and yet conqu'ring, Christ to know;
 Conquer'd by sin, he dy'd, but rose again;
 And conquer'd sin and death by being slain.
 Forth from his wounds sweet streams of mercy roll,
 And flow redundant thro' my thirsty soul;
 I felt the healing flood, and joyful cry'd,
 Live, live, my soul, thy God for thee hath dy'd.
 Here ends my strife, and here my peace begins,
 The Lamb of God hath ta'en away my sins.
 Here ends my pain, and here my ease begins;
 Thy blood, O Christ, hath blotted out my sins.
 Then, O my soul, no more ungrateful prove,
 Nor doubt his mercy, nor despise his love.

The

The DYING BELIEVER.

I.

COME, Lord, my soul is on the wing,
And longs in paradise to sing.

Thy praise in solemn lay;
Ye angel ministers attend,
And now your kind assistance lend
To bear my soul away.

II.

My spirit can no longer stay
In this frail, tottering house of clay,
But struggles to be free;
To leave her dark abode below,
And to yon fields of light to go,
My Saviour's face to see.

III.

Come, gentle death, transfix thy dart
Into my longing, panting heart,
And strike the friendly blow;
That soul and body will divide,
And place me near my Saviour's side,
Where endless pleasures flow.

E.

IV.

IV.

Farewell, my friends, no longer weep,
 I only lay me down to sleep
 In Christ, but shall not die;
 Cleave but to him with all your heart,
 We'll meet again, no more to part
 To all eternity.

V.

Adieu, vain world, with thy false good;
 I die to thee, to live with God.
 Heav'n rises to my view;
 Transporting sounds of joy I hear,
 And softest musick charms my ear,
 Adieu, vain world, adieu.



An ADDRESS to the AGED.

YE aged fires, whose hoary heads appear
 As blossoms white, when spring salutes the year;
 Or as the cloud-aspiring Alps, whose brow
 Perpetual winter wears, wrapp'd in a veil of snow;
 Yet strangers are to Jesus crucify'd,
 Nor e'er have felt that precious blood apply'd,
 Thro' which alone your sins must be forgiv'n,
 Ere ye can gain an entrance into heav'n.
 But a few moments hath your glass to run,
 Your strength is wasted, and your labour done.

Close

S A C R E D P O E M S.

27

Close by thy side, behold, pale death doth stand,
 His eyes are fixt upon thy wasting land,
 Watching when the last grain its exit makes,
 Then from his shaft the barbed arrow takes,
 Lifts his relentless arm with dextrous art,
 And thrusts the mortal weapon in thy heart.
 The worms demand thee as their lawful prey;
 Each gliding shadow beckons thee away;
 And ev'ry open grave thou passest by,
 In silent language cries, "Prepare to die;
 " This is the place where thou must shortly lie." }
 While on the margin of the grave ye stand,
 O call; for Jesus still is near at hand,
 Tho' in your last, your latest hours, to save
 Your souls from sinking lower than the grave,
 And land them safe on that thrice happy shore,
 Where age nor sickness comes, nor death can enter more.



• An ADDRESS to YOUTH.

YE thoughtless youth, who throng the downward road
 That leads to death, and wander far from God;
 Immerst in sense, by sin's base pleasures led,
 To spend your strength for that which is not bread;
 While in created good ye aim to arrive
 At happiness complete, ye vainly strive,
 A pondrous building strong and fair to raise
 On airy bubbles, or on rolling seas.

E 2

Your

Your hearts to ev'ry evil cleave, your eyes
 Are fixt on earth, neglectful of the skies;
 Nor e'er, by faith, are turn'd to yonder tree,
 To view Christ bleeding on Mount Calvary.
 Your feet are swift to run in pleasure's road;
 But unfrequented leave the house of God.
 Your voices oft to wanton themes ye raise;
 But leave unsung your great Redeemer's praise.
 Your tongues, presumptuous wretches! dare blaspheme
 That awful God from whom your being came.
 Your ways are crooked, and their end will be
 Eternal loss, and perfect misery.
 O fly from sin, death may o'ertake you soon,
 The morning sun oft sets in clouds at noon.
 Awake! awake! rise up from nature's night;
 From sin's gross darkness rise, and Christ shall give thee light,
 Would you true pleasure know? in him you'll find
 Unfading joys, and solid peace of mind.
 Then bid adieu to each created good,
 And claim your int'rest in that saving blood,
 Which from the wounded side of Jesus flow'd,
 When on the cross his fainting head he bow'd.
 That blood will wash your every crime away,
 And unselt peace into your souls convey.
 O look to him whom you have pierc'd, and mourn,
 And, ere it be too late, to God return;
 So shall your souls in death triumphant rise,
 And gain a mansion fair, beyond the skies,
 Where sorrow never comes, and pleasure never dies.

CHRIST

CHRIST the Believer's Crown of Rejoicing.

I.

O Jesus, my portion, my chiefest delight!
 My songs shall be of thee each morn and each night;
 I'll sing of thy love, by angels untold,
 More precious than rubies, or diamonds, or gold;
 It chases my darkness, my grief doth expel,
 Hath purchas'd salvation from sin and from hell.

II.

O love! how stupendous! surpassing all thought,
 The mighty redemption thy own arm hath wrought;
 Thy wounds, and thy blood, thy pity declare,
 And strongly express the great love thou dost bear
 To wandering sinners, who stray from the road
 That leads where true pleasures are center'd in God.

III.

Thou didst on Mount Cal'ry my burden sustain,
 With sorrow, and anguish, and tormenting pain;
 There from thy pierc'd heart a river did flow,
 Which makes the believer far whiter than snow:
 Of this living water whoever shall taste,
 In heav'nly mansions with Jesus shall feast.

IV.

IV.

Thou, on the cross bleeding, didst bow thy meek head,
 With a loud voice crying, "It is finished."
 Then groan'dst out thy soul, resign'dst thy last breath.
 My life, dearest Saviour, I gain by thy death.
 Thy death hath procured my pardon with God,
 And swallow'd my sins in the sea of thy blood.

V.

When justice had sentenc'd the sinner to die,
 Thy blood interceded, and "Mercy!" did cry;
 Thy blood did prevail, and mercy look'd down
 Upon my soul, smiling, O Jesus! I own
 'Tis through thy blood-shedding by faith I now see
 A kingdom of glory prepared for me.

VI.

Ere long I shall rise to the mansions of light,
 Where Jesus's glory, ineffably bright,
 Shines on his dear spouse, the bride of the Lamb,
 The city of God, the new Jerusalem;
 There blest with the sight of the Lamb, face to face,
 I ever shall, wond'ring, admire his grace.



XX

GOD'S LOVE to MAN,

Manifested in the Birth, Life, Sufferings, Death,
Resurrection and Ascension of our Blessed Lord
and Saviour JESUS CHRIST.

UNtaught to rise where my warm thoughts aspire,
Or write in language which such themes require,
My mind a waste, uncultivated field;
Nor arts, nor science me assistance yield;
How then shall I the lofty accents raise,
Or in fit strains eternal goodness praise?
Or how explore the vast designs of love,
Which brought a God from the bright worlds above?
Arise, my soul, arise, and take thy flight
Up to yon regions of unsully'd light;
In whose celestial groves the sacred nine,
Praising the mystick Three in concert join,
To aid thy song, invoke the pow'rs divine.

O thou that didst dictate to seers of old,
When they Messiah's wond'rous deeds foretold;
Who didst great David's breast with zeal inspire,
When he, to praise thee, struck the golden lyre;
T'inspire my muse, thy sacred unction bring,
While I his life, his death, his love to sinners sing.

When lying in his Father's bosom, he
From heav'n survey'd his creatures misery,

With

With pity mov'd, he left his throne above,
 Empty'd himself of all things---but of love,
 To save them from destruction, swift he ran,
 And on him took the form of sinful man.
 He, whom the heav'n of heav'ns could not contain,
 Within a virgin's womb did not disdain
 For full thrice three revolving moons to lie,
 All wrapt in latent dark obscurity.
 What angel-thought can reach th' amazing height,
 Or sound the depths of love so infinite!
 When Jesus bow'd the heavens, and came down,
 Stript of his glory, and his dazzling crown,
 To save mankind from sin and nature's night,
 And bear triumphant to yon worlds of light,
 Whoe'er shall humble suit for mercy make,
 To God return, and all their sins forsake;
 In him believe, pursue his steps below,
 Who liv'd to love, and dy'd his love to shew.

High in the heav'ns a throne of jasper stood;
 Sparkling before it roll'd a crystal flood;
 Around a bow of various colours shone,
 The great JEHOVAH sat sublime thereon.
 Vast curtains of unsufferable light
 Flow'd down, and veil'd him from created sight.
 A num'rous multitude, above th' amount
 Of best arithmeticians still to count,
 Of spirits immortal, at a distance stood,
 Who cease not day and night to cry, Lord God
 Almighty, glory, and pow'r, and majesty,
 And might, and honour, be ascrib'd to thee;

Worship

Worship and praise, blessing and thanks be giv'n
To thee, thrice Holy Lord, sovereign of earth and heav'n.

He bade, and strait into his presence came

A mighty angel, Gabriel his name;

As near he did approach the hallow'd place,

He spread his purple wings, and veil'd his face;

Three times with awful reverence he bow'd;

Three times the choirs of heav'n did shout aloud;

Then prostrate fell, and worshipp'd round the throne,

And glory gave to him who sat thereon.

Amid these solemn songs, a spirit, who stood

Always attendant on the throne of God,

His cloathing brighter than the noon-day sun,

Around his head a crown of em'ralds shone,

Lifted his voice, and cry'd aloud, "Prepare

" New themes of praise, new cause of joy to hear!

" O all ye pow'rs of heaven, attentive keep!

" Our God, the mighty God, is now about to speak."

Forthwith the choirs of heav'n their praise suspend,

And all their songs in sudden silence end:

The winds were hush'd, nor stir'd the gentle breeze,

Nor mov'd the trembling leaves upon the trees:

The birds of paradise laid down their notes,

And dropt the warbling musick of their throats:

The rivers softly through their chanel's crept,

And all in heav'n a solemn silence kept.

Then from the throne (in robes of mercy clad)

JEHOVAH spake, and thus th'Almighty said:

" O all ye princes, pow'rs of heav'n, draw near,

" Attend my speech, unto my words give ear:

" The day is come; and, lo, I will arise,
 " And pour destruction on my enemies;
 " The dark designs of hell's dark pow'rs o'erthrow,
 " And on their impious heads I'll heap redoubled woe.
 " Long have these sons of night usurpt the sway
 " O'er thoughtless men, and led them quite astray.
 " Tempted by these foul spirits to rebel,
 " My people have from their allegiance fell.
 " Yet mercy shall arise, and for mankind
 " A great, a wonderful deliv'rance find:
 " This day my Son doth human nature take,
 " To bear the stroke of justice for their sake;
 " He shall descend, sweet mercy to proclaim;
 " Man shall find mercy thro' his saving name:
 " But the black crimes for sev'nfold vengeance call,
 " On those who were the authors of their fall.
 " Go, Gabriel, down to yonder orb of earth,
 " And to mankind proclaim Messiah's birth."
 These words loud echo'd thro' the fields of light,
 Th' ethereal people shout, and all unite
 T'applaud the deed, and in this solemn song
 Salute the shining herald as he past along:
 " Go, mighty prince, heav'n's humble minister,
 " Our God's good-will to favour'd man declare."

Darkness had the horizon overspread,
 The twinkling stars a pleasing lustre shed;
 Retir'd from labour, weary mortals slept,
 And half the world a solemn silence kept.
 'Twas now the herald of the king of kings,
 By heav'n commission'd, with expanded wings,

Down

SACRED POEMS.

35

Down from th' ethereal court urged his flight,
And on the plains of Beth'lem did alight.
The shepherds watching of their fleecy care,
And waiting for the dawn of day t'appear,
Beheld a radiant light around them shine,
And, lo! before them stood a form divine.
His flowing vesture than the snow more white;
Around his temples shone a wreath more bright
Than Cynthia's silver rays, or Titan's beams,
When darting thro' the skies in golden streams.
The shepherds trembl'd, and were sore dismay'd;
But he, to calm their troubl'd minds, thus said:

" From the bright world, where reigns unsully'd light,
" Free from dissolving day, and gloom of night;
" Where spirits immortal hallelujahs sing,
" And groves are blest with a perpetual spring;
" No black'ning gales e'er taint its blooming fields;
" Each pleasant fruit its soil spontaneous yields;
" No intervening clouds obscure the skies,
" Nor fogs, nor vapours, o'er its coasts arise;
" Down from the hills the zephyrs gentle breeze
" Plays o'er the brooks, or murmurs thro' the trees;
" Far from this dusky world, from heav'n's high throne,
" With tidings of great joy to you I come.
" Cease, cease your fears; for on this happy morn,
" (To bless mankind) a Saviour Christ is born.
" Then quit your flocks, to Bethlehem repair,
" You'll find the infant in a manger there."

The angel ended, and a heavenly choir
Descending from the sky, struck the soft lyre;

With dulcet musick all the welkin rang,
While praising God the heav'nly host thus sang :

“ Glory to God, the Mighty God, Most high,

“ And let loud hallelujahs echo thro' the sky !

“ Blest peace, with all her shining train, descends

“ To dwell amongst mankind,

“ And ev'ry soul in love's soft union bind.

“ Wide fly the empyrean gates,

“ The heav'n's beneath her bead.

“ And bear her to the earth,

“ T'attend her mighty, mighty monarch's birth.”

Gently glide the streams along,

Lift'ning to the angel's song ;

Stars a brighter lustre shed ;

Fishes from their oozy bed

Leap, the joyful sound to hear ;

Midst December's frosts appear

All the beauties of the spring ;

Lo! the birds awake and sing ;

The air unusual fragrance yields ;

With sudden verdure bloom the fields ;

Springing flow'rs diffuse their sweets,

And the happy morning greets ;

All the forest beasts around

Catch the soft and pleasing sound,

And in hoarser harmony,

“ Glory be to God,” they cry.

Sleeping mortals, wake ! O wake !

And to mirth yourselves betake ;

Shake

SACRED POEMS

37

Shake dull slumber from your eyes,

Join the musick of the skies,

Lift your voices, joyful cry,

"Glory be to God on high."

O joyful news! and is the Saviour born?

Ne'er shone on man so bright, so fair a morn.

Auspicious day, all hail! and thou my muse

Pursue the theme, the sacred leaves peruse;

Ask what his entertainment was below,

Alas! they cry, our story bleeds with woe.

He made yon skies, and this terraqueous ball,

And troops of angels always wait his call;

But yet no place is found wherein to lay

The heav'nly guest, but where beasts feed on hay.

On beds of down, and in soft linen clad,

Man sleeps at ease; but he who man hath made,

Is wrapt in swaddling-cloaths, and in a manger laid.

Soon as he's born his tender life's pursu'd;

Ambitious Herod thirsteth for his blood:

But, warn'd of God, he scap'd the tyrant's hand,

And fled for shelter in a foreign land.

Yet (as in ancient history some say)

Full fourteen thousand infants fell a prey

To the proud monster's rage and cruelty,

His own son bleeding in the tragedy.

Hail suffering innocents! whose infant breath

So early blasted by a cruel death;

For your dear Saviour's sake your blood did flow.

But heav'n t'reward your sufferings below,

On

On fainted seats, where endless pleasure rolls,
Far from the rage of man, hath plac'd your happy souls.

But God, who sits unseen amidst the blaze
Of uncreated light, and thence surveys
Heav'n, earth, and hell, and wat'ry deeps below,
And all the secret thoughts of man doth know,
Stoop'd from his throne, and saw the horrid deed,
And speedy justice on the wretch decreed.

* Death, arm'd with terror and tormenting pain
(A troop of dire diseases in his train)

March'd

* Josephus gives the following relation of the death of Herod:
 • The king grew ever day worse and worse, and his disease looked like
 • a judicial punishment of his wickedness. He was parched up with a
 • faint inward fever, that almost burnt his heart out, and yet scarce
 • sensible to the touch. He was tormented with an insatiable dog-
 • appetite; ulcers and cholick in his guts; phlegmatic tumors in his
 • feet and groin; his privy parts putrifying, and crawling with worms;
 • a noisome and a painful tertigo; asthma, cramps, and contraction of
 • the nerves: all men, in short, of religion, philosophy, or observation,
 • were agreed upon it, that the hand of God was evidently upon Herod in
 • this visitation. But still in the hopeless extremity of this his intole-
 • rable, as well as incurable misery, he himself was the only man that
 • did not despair, but continued every-where laying out for physicians
 • and remedies. He went over himself to the hot baths of Calliroe, that
 • empty themselves into the lake Asphaltites. Upon his coming there,
 • his physicians ordered him to be set up to the shoulders in a vessel of
 • oil, which put him into such a fit of fainting, that his domesticks, giv-
 • ing him over for dead, brake out into lamentations and outcries that
 • brought him to himself again. By this time he found all his flattering
 • hopes of life to be vain and idle. He returned to Jericho, where the
 • evil humour so far prevailed upon him, that he took up a final reso-
 • lution for a farewell; one of the horridest perhaps that ever entered into
 • the heart of any man to imagine. He sent out a summons to all the
 • eminent Jews of the country to repair immediately to him at Jericho,
 • and not to fail on pain of death. Upon their appearance they were all
 • shut up in the Circus, or Tilt-yard, one with another, whether guilty
 • or innocent. He then sent for his sister Salome, and Alexis her hus-
 • band, and spake to them to this effect: "My time is drawing on. I
 • " am oppressed with pains; and flesh and blood must yield to fate, which
 • " is

March'd to the palace, and arrests the king,
 And threw him on a bed of languishing.
 A burning fever rag'd thro' all his veins,
 A parching thirst, and cholick-racking pains;

“ is no more than the common lot of mankind. It would be trouble-
 “ some, I must confess, to think of wanting any of the funeral ho-
 “ nours that belong to crowned heads. I know very well what sort of
 “ treatment I am to expect from the Jews. They hated me in my life-
 “ time, and they will be glad to see me dead. But it lies in the power of
 “ you two to give me some ease yet, even at my last gasp; and it is no
 “ more than what you owe to me too. Do but follow my counsel, and
 “ I dare yet promise myself the most honourable funeral-solemnity that
 “ ever any prince had under the sun; the most to the joy of my soul;
 “ and for a consolation, an universal mourning, without one single tear
 “ of hypocrisy or affectation. Wherefore, so soon as the breath is out
 “ of my body, let the Circus be surrounded with soldiers, and the
 “ word of command given to destroy every man within the inclosure;
 “ but not a syllable of my death till the work be done. In the due exe-
 “ cution of this order you will lay a double obligation upon me; one
 “ in the performance of my will, the other in the celebration of my
 “ death with the honour of a publick mourning.” He accompanied
 “ these words with tears and lamentations: adjuring his relations by all
 “ that was sacred in human faith, consanguinity, and friendship, to be
 “ true to him in the punctual discharge of all he had committed to their
 “ trust; which they promised to make good to him in every particular.
 “ Soon after he called for an apple, and a knife to pare it; which as
 “ soon as he was possessed of, he attempted to stab himself; but was pre-
 “ vented by his nephew. Just as he was in the last agonies of death, he
 “ burst out into violent outrages and exclamations against himself; he
 “ commanded one of his guards in that very moment to murder his son
 “ Antipater; which was executed just as he expired. Some, perhaps,
 “ will pretend to excuse this bloody monster's barbarities to his nearest
 “ relations in time past, by saying there were dangerous conspiracies
 “ and jealousies, which laid him under a kind of necessity to be cruel
 “ in his own defence; but in this his last illness, he laid himself open
 “ for the veriest brute that ever wore a human shape. When he could
 “ live no longer himself, he bequeathed destruction to those he left be-
 “ hind him; and took care to make the whole nation mourners for him,
 “ by the order he left for destroying one at least out of every family: and
 “ all this too without any injury, provocation, or exception, or so much
 “ as any reason given for the doing it; whereas among people that have
 “ the least spark of humanity or religion, death puts an end to all con-
 “ troversies, and reconciles even the greatest enemies.”

A noisome and a painful tentigo,
Distorting cramps, to rest a deadly foe;
His nerves contracted, scarcely can suffice
To yield the sense and motion bare supplies;
His breath no longer freely can perspire,
An asthma clogs the steam, and damps the fire;
Phlegmatic tumours o'er his feet and thighs,
In all their death-presaging symptoms rise;
Corroding ulcers on his bowels feed;
Beneath th' abdomen loathsome vermin breed;
Black melancholy on his heart doth prey;
These all their formidable engines play,
Besiege his life, and tear his hopes away. }
No more soft sleep his downy pinions spread,
To shed sweet slumber o'er the monarch's bed;
Sleep left his eyes, and peace forsook his breast,
And woes on woes the wretched king oppress.
With ghastly fears and gloomy horrors hung,
The tedious nights roll heavily along;
Nor can the rising morn his woes allay,
To each sad night succeeds a joyless day.
Finding he soon must quit an impious life,
Deep-stain'd with blood, torn with domestick strife,
To fill his measure of iniquity,
Devis'd a horrid act of cruelty:
He sent a hasty summons thro' the land,
To all the Jewish chiefs, with strict command
That to the palace they repair with speed;
So wills the king: and thus he hath decreed,

Whoe'er

SACRED POEMS.

241

Whoe'er neglects the summons to obey,
 His life shall for his disobedience pay.
 The morning rose, they to the court repair,
 Nor aught suspect the diabolic share.
 A grand and venerable audience fill
 The hypodrome, waiting their sovereign's will.
 The king, still on his bloody purpose bent,
 Strait for Alexis and Salome sent;
 To whom (grief in his looks and malice in his heart)
 The hellish dark design he did impart.
 O friends (he cry'd) behold a prince distress'd;
 And if soft pity ever touch'd your breast;
 If e'er your tears at human mis'ry flow,
 O then compassionate a monarch's woe!
 Tortur'd and rack'd with dire diseases, I
 Unpity'd live, shall unlamented die.
 Soon, oh! too soon, my soul must take its flight
 Down to the dreary shades of endless night;
 And (O tormenting thought! a thought I dread);
 All Israel will rejoice when I am dead.
 No tears for me shall flow, no mournful sighs
 Accompany my last sad obsequies.
 O! 'twould be some small solace to my woe,
 Soften death's horrors, if I could but know
 That to the grave I should lamented go.
 And you, my Friends, can yield me this relief,
 And thus abate a dying brother's grief.
 The nobles and the chiefs of all the land
 Are in the Circus met, by my command,

G

Die

Die they all must, when I resign my breath;
So shall a mournful pomp attend my death.
Soon as the fates decree, and I am gone
To death's dark empire, ere it be made known,
Command my soldiers to act well their part,
And plunge their daggers deep in ev'ry heart;
Stretch their pale carcases upon the ground,
And force their souls out through a mortal wound;
Then the sad tidings through Judea spread,
The nobles murder'd, and the king is dead!
Each Jew shall then, with piercing anguish prest,
Sit in the dust, and smite upon his breast;
Woes, lamentations, shrieks, and doleful cries
Shall rend the air, and pierce the distant skies;
Deep hollow groans round ev'ry roof resound,
And ev'ry eye in floods of sorrow drown'd.
No Jew shall then let fall a feigned tear;
Their mourning shall be real, and their grief sincere.
Thus shall I to the tomb attended go,
Midst all the pomp and majesty of woe.
O! I conjure you by the pow'rs above,
The ties of kindred, friendship, duty, love,
That this my last request ye do fulfil,
Nor fail to execute a dying monarch's will.
He said, and roll'd around his baleful eyes,
Tears follow'd tears, and sighs succeed to sighs;
A dismal gloom his future prospects wear,
His hopes all swallow'd up in dire despair,
Now struggling in the agonies of death,
Fain he would not, yet must, resign his breath;

Oft breathed out a melancholy moan;
 At length, with many a sigh and bitter groan,
 His heart-strings crack'd, his eyes shrunk from the light;
 His soul driv'n out, took an unwilling flight
 Down to the dens of everlasting night.



BOOK II.

NOW had the orb terrestrial round the sun
 Full thirty annual revolutions run,
 Since the fam'd morn, when heav'n came down to earth;
 And angels sung with joy Messiah's birth.
 Thus far a life obscurely mean he led,
 And earn'd with sweat and toil his daily bread.
 He liv'd obedient to his parents will,
 Nor who his person was disclos'd, until
 At Jordan's flowing stream he was made known,
 And God, well pleas'd, there own'd his fav'rite Son.

Ye guardian spirits, commission'd from above,
 T'attend the objects of th'Almighty's love;
 With sweet complacence, ye your task fulfil,
 And gladly do your great Creator's will;
 O aid my flight to Judah's flow'ry meads,
 Her purling streams, and solitary shades;
 There would I bid the world of noise and shew,
 With all its false delusive scenes; adieu;
 To wander thro' the vernal glade alone,
 And listen to the plaintive turtle's moan,

Who on the pendant bough sits and complains
In penfive airs, and melancholy strains;
And in soft accents mourns her mate deceas'd,
Whom cruel death has ravish'd from her breast,
While the great ruler of the day rolls on
His shining wheels above the horizon,
O'er hill or dale, thro' field, or shady grove,
Wrapt in sweet contemplation, would I rove,
And in God's works admire his pow'r and love.
Or when the moon does in soft splendors rise,
And spreads her feeble radiance o'er the skies,
Beneath the covert of some cypress shade,
For deep and solemn meditation made,
I'd sit and contemplate my being's end,
To what great purpose made, and whither it does tend:
While Philomela sweetly thro' the groves
Sings, darkling, as from spray to spray she roves.
Among such solemn scenes I'd gladly spend
My fleeting days, till life's short span shall end,
In pray'r and praise, my soul to God commend,
Then lay me down and die.

'Twas to these lonely walks, with thoughtful mind,
The Son of God retir'd from mankind;
Musing how the great work he meft begin,
Lost man to save, and expiate his sin;
Nor heeded where his wand'ring feet did stray,
Till in a darksome wild he lost his way.
Here lonely wand'ring in the horrid shade,
Whose dark recess no human feet invade;
Nor tasted food till forty days were spent,
At length the human frame began to faint.

And

And now the subtle fiend his wiles began,
 (Doubting if he were more than mortal man);
 For having watch'd him thro' the dreary wood,
 And found him weak and faint for want of food;
 Fearing, yet hoping, t'obtain his hellish aim,
 With artful speech he to our Saviour came.
 How is it, that God's Son in sore distress,
 Is left to pine in this dark wilderness?
 If such thou be, thy Godhead now exert
 To chear thy fainting soul, this stone to bread convert.
 Strait to the fiend reply'd th' eternal Son,
 Man was not made to live by bread alone;
 But by the gracious words that do proceed
 From God's own mouth, th' immortal soul to feed.

Satan thus foil'd, he forthwith did prepare
 For fresh assaults, and bore him thro' the air
 To where fam'd Salem's lofty towers rise,
 Whose gilded fanes dim the beholder's eyes;
 There on the temple's pinnacle he plac'd
 His dreaded foe, and thus our Lord address'd:
 If thou indeed art the Almighty's Son,
 To prove thy dignity, cast thyself down;
 For in thy Father's oracles 'tis writ,
 His angels shall support thee, lest thy feet
 Should dash against the stones. Reply'd th' incarnate Word,
 'Tis also writ, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord.

Baff'd again, again he doth assail
 The Son of God, still hoping to prevail;
 Till sad experience shew'd his fruitless pain,
 And sent him howling down to his sad realms again.

Unto

Unto a mountain high and steep, which shrouds
Its lofty brow within the liquid clouds,
The restless fiend our blessed Lord convey'd,
And, full of hellish subtilty, thus said:
I know thy soul to mighty deeds aspires,
And acts of high renown thy bosom fires;
Bold are thy aims, no trivial schemes employ
Thy tow'ring thoughts, thy purpose to destroy
May nought avail! I see thy growing fame
Rise from obscurity; thy wond'rous name
Shall to remotest ages be made known,
And worlds unborn thy pow'rful sway shall own.
But then the end without the means t'attain,
Thou may'st for ever strive, and strive in vain.
My aid thou need'st, t'accomplish thy design;
And gladly I my willing aid will join.
For this I brought thee to this tow'ring height,
Beyond the narrow stretch of mortal sight;
From whence thou may'st survey the world below;
View all its glories, all its kingdoms know.
Look round the vast circumference, what delight,
What scenes of grandeur open to thy sight!
O'er all th' immeasurable space, behold
What endless wonders rise. All clad in gold
And glitt'ring gems, see mighty monarchs sit
Enthron'd in state; while bowing at their feet
Obsequious courtiers wait their lords command;
To publish their decrees throughout each land.
None dare their pow'r oppose, their word gainsay;
Whate'er they will whole nations must obey.

Their

Their sovereign will admits no other law,
With sword and spear they keep the world in awe:
And all the mighty kings and states you see
Owe their magnificence and pow'r to me;
And if my sage advice thou wilt regard,
Fame, honour, riches, shall be thy reward.
Then on great David's throne shalt thou command,
And give thy laws to Israel's happy land.
Thy country free from Rome's imperial sway,
And make her haughty lords thy pow'r obey.
From pole to pole thy mighty conquests spread,
And fill th' astonish'd world with fear and dread;
Till kings and kingdoms to thy sway submit,
And lay their regal ensigns at thy feet.
Satan here paus'd a while, having presum'd
On some reply; but finding none, resum'd:
The rich perfumes that in Arabia grow;
The gems that in the mines of India glow;
The balmy drugs of Ternate and Tidore,
Or Pooloway, or Pol'roon's spicy shore;
The mighty wealth that in Potosi shines;
The countless treasure of Peruvian mines;
The costly furs o'er frozen Russia spread;
The massy ores in cold Siberia bred;
The richest stones that burning Africk yields,
Whose dust is gold, around whose parched fields
Drop precious gums (which merchants from afar
Bear home); yet these, with iv'ry, trifles are;
All these are mine, and all I'll give to thee,
If thou wilt here fall down and worship me.

At which our Saviour, with disdainful frown,
 Look'd on the fiend, and thus reply'd, -- Begone!
 For thus 'tis written in the sacred Word,
 All worship doth belong unto the Lord;
 Him shalt thou serve, to him all honour give,
 In whom alone we be, and move, and live,
 Struck as with thunder, Satan now departs,
 Nor durst he more attempt his hellish arts
 To practise on the Son of God; but doom'd
 To curse the bold attempt, when he presum'd
 Th' Incarnate Son with malice to beguile,
 And the great work of man's redemption spoil.

The fiend thus gone, attending angels haste,
 And for their Lord prepare a sweet repast;
 While hymns of vict'ry fill the dusky wood,
 Such as were sung before the throne of God,
 When Michael the rebellious host had driv'n
 To hell profound, from off the verge of heav'n.

The solitary wild he now forsakes,
 And to Jerusalem his journey takes,
 The ministerial office to display,
 Open for man a new and living way
 To scenes of endless bliss, to realms of cloudless day.

From place to place with weary steps he went;
 In doing good his spotless life was spent.
 To him, with ev'ry sore disease oppress'd,
 The wretched come, and find their wants redress'd,
 Sure of relief, the sick, the blind, the lame,
 To this compassionate physician came.

He

He cleans'd the lepers, and he rais'd the dead;
 Each hungry soul he fed with living bread.
 His lib'ral hands dealt mercies unto all;
 None he refus'd that did for mercy call:
 But yet, rejected and despis'd of men,
 No form nor comeliness in him was seen.
 His life, quite from the manger to the cross,
 A scene of sharp and bloody sufferings was.
 A man of sorrows, and to grief well known,
 The Lord of glory wander'd up and down.
 Foxes have holes, and birds their mossy nest,
 Wherein they lay their tender limbs to rest;
 But he, by whose kind providence they're led
 To find a resting-place, and by whose care they're fed,
 Hath not a place wherein to lay his head.
 Tho' from his lips eternal wisdom flow'd,
 And all his actions love and pity show'd;
 The vile ingratitude what tongue can tell!
 He's deem'd a madman, and inspir'd by hell.

When to the bloody city he drew nigh,
 And on her costly buildings cast his eye,
 His inmost soul was mov'd with tender pity,
 To think how soon this strong and stately city
 Must, for her guilt, be levell'd with the ground,
 And not one stone be on another found.
 He wept to see the harden'd sinners turn
 Their backs on grace, and proffer'd mercy spurn.
 Alas! Jerusalem, Jerusalem, he cries,
 (Then floods of briny tears flow'd from his eyes)
 O that in this thy day thou hadst but known
 The things that do unto thy peace belong!

But now, alas! they're hidden from thine eyes;
 My people are not to salvation wise:
 For this mine eyes pour down a ceaseless flood,
 And my pain'd heart weeps tears of vital blood.
 Like as a hen gathers her tender young
 Beneath her wings, the little brood from wrong
 To screen; e'en so, O lost Jerusalem!
 Would I have gathered and screen'd you from
 Heav'n's vengeful bolts, with indignation hot,
 To your destruction bent---but ye would not.



B O O K I I I .

THE sun, now finish'd his diurnal race,
 Was hasten'd down unto his destin'd place;
 The sky all veiled in a sable robe,
 And gloomy darkness cover'd half the globe.
 Mortals had left the business of the day,
 All, stretch'd at ease, in downy slumbers lay;
 The god of sleep sunk easy on each breast,
 And with his leaden sceptre lull'd their cares to rest.

But he, for rest, on earth could find no room,
 All solitary, wander'd thro' the gloom,
 With pensive thoughts unto Gethsemane,
 Where oft in fervent pray'r he us'd to be;
 There lifting up to heav'n his languid eyes,
 My soul's exceeding sorrowful, he cries;
 My spirit fails, my heart is sore distressed
 Nigh unto death, with grief and anguish prest.

Then

SACRED POEMS.

51

Then down on the cold earth he prostrate laid,
And thus in bitter agonies he pray'd:

"O Father! if it possible can be,

"Let this sad cup of sorrow pass from me!

"Yet not my will: I all to thee resign;

"I come to do thy will, O God, not mine."

Thus meek, resign'd, the patient sufferer stood,

While issuing from each pore a sweat of blood,

Down-falling from his fingers to the ground,

The bloody drops distain'd the place around.

What soul-amazing horrors fill'd his breast!

Beneath the pond'rous load of sin oppress'd,

The sins of the whole world did on him rest.

And now (as in a flood of sorrow drown'd,

He lay lamenting on the cold damp ground)

A band of armed men beset him round:

His own familiar friend was at their head,

And, by a treach'rous kiss, his Lord betray'd.

To whom our Saviour thus (immerst in grief)!

Are you come out against me as a thief?

When to God's temple ye went up to pray,

Ye saw me there, and heard me day by day,

No man presum'd on me his hands to lay:

But now is come the dark permissive hour,

In which hell's gloomy prince will shew his pow'r.

The servants now forsook their Lord, and fled,

And to a mortal's bar th' immortal God was led:

Accused by false witnesses he stood,

Whose thirsty throats were gaping for his blood;

H 2

While

While all around the guilty rabble cry'd,
 Away with him! let him be crucify'd.
 What evil hath he done? the judge replies,
 I find no fault in him; I will chastise,
 And let him go. But still aloud they cry,
 Away with him! let the seducer die.
 What! shall I crucify your king? he cry'd.
 We have no king but Cæsar, they reply'd.
 Who else aspires at kingly majesty,
 Acts against Cæsar's regal dignity;
 And thou, if thou attempt to let him go,
 Art faithless to thy trust, and Cæsar's foe.
 Perplext in mind, Pilate our Lord survey'd;
 Look'd pensive round, and to the rabble said:
 Him take, and crucify; but witness be,
 I from the blood of this just man am free.
 His blood on us they cry, and on our children be.

O fatal pray'r! soon from th' eternal throne
 Heav'n heard, and sent vindictive vengeance down,
 Which in dire ruin hath your city laid,
 And of your once-throng'd streets a desolation made.
 Sword, pale-fac'd famine, and devouring fire
 (Dread ministers of heav'n's wrath) conspire
 Your total overthrow, and join their force
 To make each living man a lifeless corse.
 Your walls by enemies encompass'd round;
 Within, fraud, faction, rapine, thefts abound,
 And thousands, hunger-pin'd, lie breathless on the ground.
 Full seventeen hundred years have run their course,
 On the swift wheels of time, since by the force

Of

Of heav'n's avenging sword your city fell,
Your people slain, a mournful truth to tell,
E'er since that time, to wander up and down,
In nations far remote, and realms unknown,
You forced are o'er the wide world to roam,
Banish'd your goodly land, your native home,

The hour of darkness now drew on apace,
That must eclipse the brightness of that face
Which angels did so much admire to see,
Pleas'd with the beams of his mild majesty.

Inspir'd with rage, and eager to pursue
All that their malice prompted them to do,
They dragg'd him to a pillar, where they bound
And scourg'd the Lord of life, till from each wound
A purple gore ran trickling to the ground.
Sad prologue to that dismal tragedy
Which they're about to act, and which heav'n wept to see,
With impious hands a crown they did prepare
Of rugged thorns, which he, meek lamb, must wear;
The cruel points enter'd his sacred head,
And from each wound a bloody torrent shed;
They cloath'd him in a robe of purple dye,
Then bow'd the knee in scorn, and, jeering, cry,
" Hail, Israel's king! thy humble subjects we,
" Do thus all due allegiance render thee."
Tho' fore with stripes, and faint with loss of blood,
Which from the deep and long-made furrows flow'd,
To pity lost, they on his shoulders lay
The weighty cross, to bear to Golgotha,

On

On whose steep top they nail him to the tree,
 With scoffs, and jeers, and mingl'd blasphemy.
 Thro' hands and feet the cruel nails were driv'n,
 On which he hangs expos'd, 'twixt earth and heav'n.

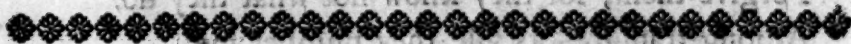
Come then, my soul, in pensive meditation
 Muse on the painful price of thy salvation.
 Come, view the dire effects of thy transgression,
 And own thy sin is great beyond expression;
 For which the Son of God was sore afflicted,
 As patriarchs and prophets had predicted;
 All which he suffer'd to repair thy loss,
 And think thou hear'st him thus speak from the cross:

“ O all ye that pass by, behold, and see
 “ If ever sorrow can compared be
 “ To that wherewith the Lord afflicteth me!
 “ God's anger fierce against my soul is bent;
 “ Man sinn'd, but I must bear the punishment.
 “ My people all my bitter pangs despise,
 “ And look on my distress with scornful eyes.
 “ With cruel hands they pierce my tend'rest parts;
 “ Nor can my bleeding wounds draw pity from their hearts.
 “ With scoffs and jeers, hark how they blindly rave,
 “ Others he sav'd, himself he cannot save,
 “ Alas! mistaken men, it was mere love
 “ Which drew me from yon starry worlds above,
 “ To save your souls from everlasting death;
 “ For this I came; for this resign my breath:
 “ But ye reject the only means that's giv'n
 “ To lead your souls to happiness and heav'n.

“ O Father, to these sinners mercy shew ;
“ Forgive them, for they know not what they do.
“ Among transgressors vile they number me,
“ Who am the fountain-head of purity.
“ I did for succour to my Father look ;
“ In my distress my Father me forsook.
“ No help on earth, no help in heav’n I see ;
“ My God, my God, O why hast thou forsaken me ! ”

Thus from the sixth till the ninth hour was spent
With bitter pangs, and cruel tortures rent,
He bore the rage of man and wrath of God,
Until he sunk beneath one guilty load.
Thus having satisfy’d an angry God,
And quench’d heav’n’s wrathful fires with his blood,
“ ’Tis finished,” with a loud voice he cry’d,
Then bow’d his head, gave up the ghost, and dy’d.
All nature sympathiz’d with his last groan ;
But man, whose heart is harder than a stone,
Tho’ heav’n and earth were struck with dread surprize,
Relentless stood at his expiring cries.
The sun refus’d to view the dreadful sight ;
The heav’ns mourn’d his death in sable night ;
The earth did quake, rocks rend, and graves uncloze,
And many of the saints that slept arose.

To end their spite, the bloody scene to close,
They pierce his side, whence blood and water flows ;
A sov’reign balm for ev’ry sinner found,
Whose lively faith looks to that bleeding wound :
The blood shall expiate his foulest sin,
The water sanctify and make him clean.



B O O K IV.

BUT still, O muse, pursue the wond'rous story,
 How he, who is the Lord of Life and Glory,
 Of life bereft, lies number'd with the dead,
 And all his dear disciples hopes are fled.
 Not long; for soon reviv'd Almighty pow'r,
 And rose o'er death triumphant conqueror.
 Ere the third morn had ope'd the eastern skies,
 Or slumbers shook from drowzy mortals eyes,
 Or ere the village cock had warning given
 Of day's approaching on the verge of heav'n,
 Or ere the lark had left her lowly nest,
 Or beasts of prey sculk'd in their dens to rest,
 Our Lord arose, his Godhead did resume,
 And, rising, burst the barriers of the tomb.
 Alas! poor death, how feeble was thy pow'r!
 Thou could'st not rule beyond th' appointed hour;
 Our God arose, disarm'd thee of thy sting,
 And will thy kingdom to destruction bring.

Bright Sol had now his flaming chariot driven
 With rapid speed below the verge of heav'n,
 Spreading night's dusky mantle o'er the skies,
 At time when fairy elves were thought to rise,
 And airy phantoms tim'rous minds surprize,
 The two disciples from Emmaus came,
 And told their Brethren at Jerusalem,

That

That their dear Lord was risen from the dead,
And had been known to them in breaking bread:
Eager to hear, they all attentive sat,
While Cleophas the story did relate.

All sad and pensive as we wander'd o'er
The faded fields, which now delight no more;
The sickly flowers hung their drooping heads,
And springing v'lets crept into their beds;
The leaves all blasted on the trees appear'd,
Nor brightly song thro' all the groves we heard;
Each swain sat pensive, and his past'ral reed
Lay silent by; their flocks neglect to feed;
The browsing herds the tendril shoots forbore;
The fullen skies a gloomy aspect wore;
So chang'd was nature now, or seem'd so
To us, whose hearts were quite o'ercharg'd with woe:
For what in nature lovely could appear,
To sooth our sorrow, or allay our fear,
When ev'ry comfort from our souls was fled,
And he, the life of all our hopes, lay dead?
Our mournful steps were to Emmaus bent,
On the sad theme discoursing as we went;
A stranger (such he seem'd) was passing by,
Drew near to us, and join'd our company.
Perceiving that our minds were sore perplex'd,
By fears assail'd, and grievous doubtings vex'd,
(For grief had on each countenance imprest
The restless thoughts that roll'd within each breast)
Enquir'd the reason why we were so sad,
And what the conf'rence we together had.

I thus reply'd: If so you only came
 Of late a stranger to Jerusalem,
 Surely it cannot be but you must hear
 Of those strange things which late have happen'd there. }
 Strange things! he said; pray tell me what they are.
 I thus resum'd:--A prophet of high fame,
 By birth a Nazarene, Jesus his name,
 Who many miracles and wonders shew'd,
 By various signs, approv'd the Son of God.
 Him our high-priest and rulers did condemn
 To cruel death, and ignominious shame:
 But we (who saw the miracles he wrought,
 And heard the heav'nly doctrine that he taught)
 Trusted that he, the promis'd Christ, was rose,
 Our country to redeem, and conquer all her foes.
 Three times the sun has purpl'd o'er the east;
 Three times his rays have sunk beneath the west,
 Since the sad hour that took him from our eyes;
 And what has still increased our surprise,
 Ere day had dawn'd upon the orient sky,
 Two women, that were of our company,
 This morning went unto the sepulchre;
 But, O! their much-lov'd Lord they found not there.
 Hereat oppress'd with grief, they weeping stood,
 And trickling down their cheeks the tears fast flow'd;
 When strait, in all the majesty of light,
 An angel stood before them, cloath'd in white;
 The shining form accosts the weeping pair,
 And bade them all their fruitless sorrow spare:

"O cease," he cry'd, "these flowing tears to shed;
 "He whom ye seek is risen from the dead."

Then straitway from their sight he vanished.

I ended, and the stranger thus began:

How blind, how ignorant, O foolish man!

How backward to believe th' unerring word,

Which did of old these things of Christ record.

For this he came; for this he left the skies,

To suffer first, and then to glory rise.

As tho' a God was near, and did inspire,

Our hearts within us burnt with holy fire.

The ancient prophecies he did unfold,

Explained all the Scriptures had foretold

Concerning Christ; at Moses he began,

From thence through all the sacred annals ran,

Down to the hour in which he left the tomb:

By this we were unto Emmaus come;

The day far spent, the night was hast'ning on,

He took his leave, and would have farther gone;

But we intreat him to turn in, and stay,

And take repose till the return of day.

He yielded, and our host before us set

A small repast, which we prepare to eat;

In awe profound the pious stranger stood,

And ere our lips presum'd to taste the food:

(With lifted hands, and eyes erect to heav'n)

He took what God had of his bounty giv'n,

And blest, and brake the bread. Soon as he spoke

(As men who late had from some trance awoke,

While yet the pious blessing he implor'd)
Our eyes were open'd, and we knew the Lord.

Nor long without a proof did they remain,
That he, tho' dead, was now alive again;
For as the story they attentive hear,
Jesus himself did in the midst appear;
Bade all their fears subside, their doubts all cease,
And greets them with the welcome sound of "Peace."
A while, for joy, they could no credence give
To what they saw, or what they heard believe,
Until he shew'd his wounded hands and feet,
And in their company sat down to eat.
No longer doubt, he said, or disbelieve;
The Father's promise ye shall all receive;
But at Jerusalem abide, till I
Shall pour my Spirit on you from on high;
Then go and preach repentance to mankind;
Tell them, they may in me remission find
Of all their sins; and, lo! I will attend,
And give your word success till time shall end.

The time of his departure being come,
And forty days were spent, since from the tomb
He rose triumphant, forth to Bethany,
With his disciples dear, he went; where he,
With lifted hands, his blessing did bequeath
Unto the flock he was about to leave;
When, lo! a cloud, descending from heav'n's height,
Inclos'd him round, and took him from their sight;
Bore him aloft to his imperial throne,
Where he in awful majesty sat down

At God's right-hand, and there his merit pleads,
 And there, for helpless sinners intercedes.
 Amaz'd! they upward turn'd their wond'ring eyes,
 And saw two angels coming from the skies,
 With wide-spread wings, and shining plumes display'd,
 Suspended in mid air, they stop'd their flight, and said:
 " Why gaze ye here? This Jesus, whom ye see,
 " Must to the heav'n of heav'ns received be,
 " Till earth and seas shall be dissolv'd in fire,
 " And universal nature doth expire:
 " Then shall he come again in glorious state;
 " Myriads of angels on his triumph wait,
 " To place the just on radiant thrones above,
 " And vengeance take on those who now despise his love."



AN ESSAY ON DIVINE LOVE.

I.

LET others sing of war's alarms,
 Contending kings, and worlds in arms;
 How mighty chiefs, in dread array,
 Rage round th' embattl'd field, and kill and slay;
 Deep drench their hands in human blood,
 Turn limpid rivers to a purple flood,
 And make the world a vast aceldema:
 How thro' th' astonish'd earth
 They scatter wars and dearth;

With

With horrid strides stalk o'er huge hills of slain,
And (grasping at unlimited domain)

Spread thro' each nation
Destruction wild, and ghastly desolation.

Let them in swelling numbers tell,
What myriads by those Apollyons fell;
Thick as the leaves in autumn strew the ground,
Groaning their souls out thro' a wide-mouth'd wound.
Such the applauded deeds of Philip's son,
That much-fam'd murderer of Macedon,

To thee, O mighty Cæsar, too,
The praise of those inglorious deeds is due,
That fill'd the widow's breast with mournful sighs,
And from the weeping orphan's eyes

Made floods of sorrow flow;
Fill'd heav'n with horror, and the world below
With doleful shrieks, and groans, and ghastly sights of woe. }
Heav'ns! shall such, who under foot have trod
The laws of nature and humanity,

Drunk with ambition, pride, and tyranny,
As virtuous, wise, just, gen'rous be esteem'd?
No; rather may they be more justly deem'd
The plague of nations, and the scourge of God!
Such were the men whom erring muses sing;
And such, O Gallia, thy --- Most Christian King.

Who, ever restless to obtain
A universal monarchy, doth stain
The blushing earth with blood --- of Christians slain.

But let those bards in high-flown lays
 Vote such a crown of deathless praise;
 Applaud their mighty mind,
 And deify the murderers of mankind;
 My soul has caught a nobler flame,
 My muse pursues a greater theme;
 Love, mighty Love, the subject of my song.
 Some courteous angel, that doth join
 Th' harmonious choir above,
 And, by long practice, skill'd in notes divine,
 Which ever wake to themes of love;
 Come, gentle spirit, aid my song;
 From heav'n's high altar bring
 A living coal to touch my tongue;
 So shall my raptur'd soul
 (Fir'd with the love I sing)
 Scorn this dull earth, and mount to worlds on high,
 And range among ethereal bow'rs,
 And mingle with the heav'nly pow'rs,
 And learn the hallelujahs of the sky.
 And tho' in cloudless realms of day
 Mortality forbids me stay;
 Yet when the circling hours
 Of life shall cease to roll,
 My then exulting soul,
 When dull mortality doth fail,
 Shall thro' vast oceans of pure æther sail;
 Explore

64 SACRED POEMS.

Explore the bound'ries of the spacious sky,
 And land upon the coasts of light.
 Where pure-ey'd faith shall change to sight,
 And hope shall in fruition die ;
 There loud proclaim o'er all th' ethereal plains,
 That love, almighty love, for ever lives and reigns.

III.

Where erst the Hebrew bard did feed
 His father's flocks, and tun'd his oaten reed
 To songs of praise, or notes of saddest woe,
 As joy or grief alternate flow,
 I see a mighty hero rise,
 Omnipotent in love, he travel'd from the skies :
 His armour shone with such tremendous blaze,
 It quench'd the solar rays ;
 Faded the stars that crowd the milky way,
 Darken'd the planets as their orbs he past ;
 The planets pallid grew, as tho' they'd shone their last ;
 His beams alone created day,
 All else was solid night,
 Lost in the blaze of his superior light.

IV.

He too thro' blood to conq'ring goes ;
 Thro' blood he vanquisheth his foes ;
 But, O amazing ! O stupendous love !
 Its height and depth to man nor angel known !
 'Twas not the blood of foes he spilt ;
 It was his own ;
 His own he shed, to wash away their guilt.

Struck

Struck with astonishment and awe,
 (Astonishment beyond conception great)
 The mighty combatant I saw
 Sustain the fight alone;
 To help him there was none.
 Against the banded pow'rs of hell he stood,
 Trav'ling in mighty pain;
 At length I saw him sweat
 Great drops of blood,
 Which mighty love prest from each vein.
 Love undeserv'd, unmerited by those
 For whom it bled;
 Love to the worst of foes;
 Foes who, but for that love, had perished:
 (Doom'd by Almighty wrath to go
 To dens of sorrow, shades of woe;
 Deep in the melancholy gloom,
 Where hope doth never come;
 Invelop'd round with endless night,
 Where ghastly horrors roll,
 Pale terrors stalk, and raging furies fright,
 And torture deep the miserable soul.)
 Yet could not all their malice, all their rage,
 The violence of love assuage;
 Triumphant o'er all obstacles he rose,
 Persisting still to love his foes;
 And, that they might not miss
 The road that leads to scenes of endless bliss,
 A wond'rous way he did provide,
 By opening a passage thro' his side,
 When for the blackest sinner's blackest sins he dy'd.

He dy'd! O who love's mystery can scan?

He dy'd to save lost man.

He dy'd; and in his death I see

Pardon for infinite offence;

The price was paid on Calvary.

And while the mighty sum was telling down,

The regent of the day was looking on;

And when he saw the cost was so immense,

That all could not be paid

Until his Maker bow'd his head,

Amaz'd! he starts, astonish'd at the sight!

And left the heav'ns wrapt round with blackest night;

And o'er the earth a mourning garment spread.

O love! what mighty wonders hast thou wrought!

Surpassing man's, surpassing angel's thought!

When all created beings silent stood,

And did the dreadful task forego,

To rescue man from endless woe,

How did thy mercy stoop,

To raise the sinner up!

How did thy pity move!

How did thy death prevail!

How freely flow'd thy blood!

Source of eternal love,

All hail!

VI.

All hail! dear, lovely, bleeding Lamb!

Thy love with love doth all heav'n's host inflame.

I feel the piercing dart
Wound with seraphick pain my raptur'd heart,

The pleasing pain
Spreads thro' my soul, and throbs in ev'ry vein.

O who, my Jesus, may with thee compare!

Thou fairest of the fair!

All earthly objects fade when thou art nigh;

The world's delights, the joys of sense,
Are lost in thy superior excellence;
Their beauties languish, and their glories die.

Not all the incense that Arabia yields,

Nor all the sweets that rise,

And breathe their fragrance to the distant skies,

When gentle zephyrs fan her blooming fields;

Not all her spicy mountains in a flame

Send forth so sweet a smell,

Or please so well,

As the sweet odour of my Saviour's name.

Lord, I am thine,

And thou art mine;

My Lord, my life, my love,

My all on earth below, my all in heav'n above;

My sun, my shield, my spotless dress,

My wisdom, strength, and righteousness,

My peace, my joy, my crown,

My guide by day, my rest when lying down.

O may nor sin, nor unbelief remove
From my embrace the object of my love.

VII.

Ye lukewarm vot'ries to the name
Of Christ, dead to the vital flame
That kindles in the fervid Christian's breast,
Call ye my song "enthusiastick rant,
"Religious phrensy, madness, cant,
"The wild excursions of distemper'd zeal,
"What dreaming visionaries only feel?"
But grant it such, yet 'tis the best,
The dearest, fairest, sweetest guest
That ever yet my breast did entertain.
It bears my soul on wings of love
To antedate the joys above;
And kindles in my breast a sacred fire,
That burns with nought but flames of pure desire
In Christ to live, in Christ to die;
To leave the squalid joys of sense behind,
And taste of pleasures more refin'd.
Pleasures that outlive time, and lasting as eternity.
O! if the bliss my soul exults to know,
Only from mere deception flow,
Blest be the hour in which I was deceiv'd;
In which the pleasing phantom I receiv'd
Into my breast!
Nor may the visionary guest
Ever depart;
But take a lasting, long possession of my heart:

For

SACRED POEM 8.

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For if the dear deception I let go,

I wake from fancy'd bliss, to plunge in real woe.

O stay! thou dear delusion, stay!

Go not away;

Thy absence leaves me sunk in grief and pain.

Sleep on, my soul; thy all's at stake;

All that can here enhance thy bliss,

Or give thee comfort, joy, or peace;

All, all are fled, whene'er thou dost awake.

But cease your mirth, and lay your laugh aside,

Nor what you do not comprehend deride.

For 'tis not fancy's airy flights

Can yield the soul such permanent delights;

Such sweet foretastes of heav'nly bliss,

Such solid joy, such constant peace!

O! no; 'tis manna from above,

Drops from the fountain of eternal love;

Comforts which Jesus doth bestow,

To cheer his foll'wers as they go

Through this dark solitary vale of woe.

VIII.

And are there, who the Christian name despise,

And from a God expiring turn their eyes?

Who count it mean the blessed cross to bear,

And blush the livery of Christ to wear?

Who boast their reason, yet, to reason blind,

Reject God's revelation to mankind?

Spurn at the blood which heav'nly pity shed,

When mercy groan'd, and God bow'd down his head?

If

If ever angels, from heav'n's glorious height,
Look'd down and wept, it was at such a sight.
If ever seraphs taste (in perfect bliss)
The cup of sorrow, 'tis at sights like this.

Good God! look down:

And, if 'tis not too late

For pray'r to enter at the gate

Of injur'd mercy; if thy frown

Hath not already seal'd their doom,

And for repentance left no room;

If yet that awful sentence is not past,

"Unjust they are, such let them still remain;

"Filthy they are, and let the filthy stain

"Still cleave unto their souls;" O! if thou hast,

In thy abounding grace,

Left some small space

For penitential tears to flow;

Smite their hard rocky hearts, and let the wretches know

Insulted love can yet soft pity show;

And from th' infernal cave

Of dire destruction, save

Its most inveterate foe.

THE
LAST DAY.

V I S I O N.

O Thou that dwell'st above yon azure height,
 Worshipp'd amid the radiant courts of light;
 Approachless glory does surround thy throne,
 Nor cherub can, nor seraph, gaze thereon:
 He who in battle foil'd great Lucifer,
 And quench'd in darkness that bright morning star;
 Falls prostrate at thy feet, essence divine,
 And owns the power and the victory thine.
 Gabriel, who on th' important errand came,
 Messiah's joyful birth-day to proclaim;
 Whose shining form banish'd the shades of night;
 Who midnight darkness put to sudden flight;
 Cannot abide the splendor of thy rays,
 Or stand before thee, but with veiled face.
 In thy pure light the heav'ns are all unclean,
 And folly is by thee in angels seen.
 How then shall I, of lips unclean, presume
 To sing thy works, and man's last righteous doom?

O thou blest Spirit, who brood'st o'er nature's night,
 And struck'st from darkness yonder orbs of light,
 Illuminate my mind; inspire my song
 With truth divine, and teach my stamm'ring tongue
 To sing the solemn pomp of that great day,
 When, in a glorious terrible array,
 The judge of men and angels shall arise,
 Blot out the sun, and darken all the skies;
 O'erwhelm the earth with raging floods of fire,
 And frighted nature shall in dreadful pangs expire.

When up to heav'n I turn my wond'ring eyes,
 And view the stately fabrick of the skies;
 Stupendous arch! where rolling planets stray,
 And wand'ring comets find their devious way;
 As on the wond'rous scene intent I gaze,
 Its rising beauties strike me with amaze:
 From yon revolving splendid orb of light,
 What floods of glory burst upon my sight!
 His piercing rays, pregnant with genial pow'rs,
 Bid earth bring forth trees, plants, and fruits, and flow'rs.
 With steady pace from east to west he roams,
 And scatters life and vigour where he comes.
 At his approach all nature doth rejoice;
 Awakes, and sings the light with chearful voice.
 When down the western steep he rolls the day,
 (Yet on the verge of heav'n the ling'ring ray
 Streaks the horizon round with various dyes,
 The beauteous scene delights my ravish'd eyes)
 Lo! night ascends, dun-rising in the east,
 And spreads her sable curtain o'er the west;

The

The last retreating beams of light are fled,
And gloomy darkness veils the mountain's head;
With silent reign, the ruler of the night
Ascends the skies, and shines in borrow'd light;
Her friendly rays the pilgrim's footsteps guide,
When nightly wand'ring o'er the desert wide;
With raptur'd eyes the pleasing scene he views,
His vows to heav'n with ardent zeal renews,
And, praising God, his journey he pursues.
If absent she, millions of stars conspire
To light heav'n's vault with their celestial fire.
Nor is thy glory less on earth display'd,
In all those mighty works thou, Lord, hast made;
Consummate wisdom, pow'r, and goodness shines;
Each diff'ring part harmoniously combines
To form one perfect whole, as each depends
Upon each other's aid, to work their diff'rent ends.
Thus was I (walking in a rural shade)
Musing on the great works which God had made;
Weary, I laid me down a while to rest,
All anxious cares were banish'd from my breast;
'Twas near a purling stream (with thoughtful mind,
My head upon a bank of flow'rs reclin'd,
Beneath the covert of a spreading tree)
I lay repos'd, from worldly business free;
A drowsy stupor did me soon surprise,
And pleasing slumbers quickly clos'd my eyes.
Scarce had soft sleep to sweet and calm repose
My senses lull'd, ere to my fancy rose

An awful vision, which did lively show
The end of time, the saints reward, and sinners endless woe.
Upon the margin of the crystal flood,
I thought a lovely youth before me stood;
His countenance outshone the blushing morn,
When Sol's returning rays the skies adorn;
Twelve radiant stars his beauteous temples crown;
In graceful rings his silver hair hung down;
His robes compos'd of pure celestial light:
I gaz'd, and wonder'd at th' ethereal sight.
The youth (I thought) approach'd, and claspt me round,
And gently bore me to a rising ground,
Where to my view a lovely landscape rose,
And did a beauteous rural scene disclose:
Whate'er was sung of the Elysian grove,
Where sylvan deities and Naiads rove;
Of verdant fields, and amaranthine bow'rs,
Cool grots, or purling streams, or fragrant flow'rs,
Ambrosial fruits, and ever-blooming trees,
Fann'd by the breath of zephyr's gentle breeze;
Or sweetest musick of the woodland throng,
Or of the dying swan's melodious song,
Was here in all its rural pomp display'd:
With raptures fill'd, thus to my guide I said:
O! might I ever in these blissful bow'rs
Sequester'd live, and spend my latest hours,
Remote from all the busy scenes of life;
Its pleasures vain, its envy, and its strife.
Here once retir'd, my ever peaceful mind
Soft calm repose in these sweet shades should find.

Hail,

Hail, sacred solitude ! hail, peaceful shades !
Thy hallow'd scenes no discontent invades :
No gloomy thoughts, that fill the mind with pain,
Or anxious cares, within thy groves remain.
But spicy gales, clear springs, and blooming flow'rs,
Green fields, enamel'd meads, and roseate bow'rs,
Tall woods, high hills, low vales, and fruitful plains,
Flocks sporting round, while birds, in warbling strains,
From ev'ry bough chaunt their melodious lays,
And echo round their great Creator's praise,
Here meet my sight, where-e'er I turn my eyes,
And strike m'admiring soul with sweet surprise.

But here the blooming youth his silence broke,
Breathing celestial odours as he spoke ;
A sweeter fragrance did perfume the air ;
Nor softest musick could more charm the ear
Than his harmonious voice ; when he began
This solemn lecture, and thus said :---Vain man !
Set not thy heart on aught beneath the sky ;
All earthly bliss will fade away, and die.
Throughout this world deceitful shews abound ;
Nothing substantial on its globe is found.
But man ! fond man ! doth vainly strive to find,
In creature-good, rest for his restless mind.
A soul all stain'd with guilt, where-e'er he is,
Awaits, and stabs to death his fancy'd bliss.
He feels a cruel something unpossest,
That damps his joys, and robs him of his rest.

An awful vision, which did lively show
The end of time, the saints reward, and sinners endless woe.
Upon the margin of the crystal flood,
I t'ought a lovely youth before me stood;
His countenance outshone the blushing morn,
When Sol's returning rays the skies adorn;
Twelve radiant stars his beauteous temples crown;
In graceful rings his silver hair hung down;
His robes compos'd of pure celestial light:
I gaz'd, and wonder'd at th' ethereal sight.
The youth (I thought) approach'd, and claspt me round,
And gently bore me to a rising ground,
Where to my view a lovely landscape rose,
And did a beauteous rural scene disclose:
Whate'er was sung of the Elysian grove,
Where sylvan deities and Naiads rove;
Of verdant fields, and amaranthine bow'rs,
Cool grots, or purling streams, or fragrant flow'rs,
Ambrosial fruits, and ever-blooming trees,
Fann'd by the breath of zephyr's gentle breeze;
Or sweetest musick of the woodland throng,
Or of the dying swan's melodious song,
Was here in all its rural pomp display'd:
With raptures fill'd, thus to my guide I said:
O! might I ever in these blissful bow'rs
Sequester'd live, and spend my latest hours,
Remote from all the busy scenes of life;
Its pleasures vain, its envy, and its strife.
Here once retir'd, my ever peaceful mind
Soft calm repose in these sweet shades should find.

Hail,

Hail, sacred solitude ! hail, peaceful shades !
Thy hallow'd scenes no discontent invades :
No gloomy thoughts, that fill the mind with pain,
Or anxious cares, within thy groves remain.
But spicy gales, clear springs, and blooming flow'rs,
Green fields, enamel'd meads, and roseate bow'rs,
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He feels a cruel something unpossess,
That damps his joys, and robs him of his rest.

No place can free the mind from inbred woe;
The sad effects that from his fall doth flow;
Only the just in Christ true solid peace can know.
To such, alike or state, or time, or place;
They, walking in the smiles of Jesu's face,
Far above this dim spot of earth arise,
And build their happiness beyond the skies:
A happiness that nought can here annoy,
Nor state, nor place, nor time itself destroy,
All these gay objects that so charm thy sight,
Must soon lie bury'd in eternal night;
All must be lost, this system be destroy'd,
And nought remain but one vast empty void.
Ere long (when time his finish'd course has run)
Darkness shall cover yonder splendid sun:
The moon's pale rays be stain'd with crimson dye,
And stars shall quit their stations in the sky:
The dropping elements, with fervent heat,
Shall be dissolv'd; beneath man's trembling feet
The massy globe shall shake, from pole to pole,
While thro' heav'n's concave wide loud thunders roll,
Torrents of fire down-pouring from the skies;
Tempestuous whirlwinds, roaring billows rise,
And rage, and storm, till nature all in ruin lies.
Thus far commission'd, I before thee lay
Some awful scenes of that tremendous day,
When all mankind their final doom shall know,
And meet the just reward of all their works below.

What

What more remains, as present to thy view,
Shall be display'd; but I must hence.—Adieu.

The lovely form here vanish'd from my sight;
I look'd, and lo! the heav'ns all flam'd with light:
From whence I heard a mighty trumpet sound,
Which shook the dark recesses of the ground;
Tore up the tombs, and pierc'd the raging main,
And bade each kindred atom meet again.
Amaz'd! I upward turn'd my wond'ring eyes,
And saw the same fair youth amid the skies,
Standing majestick on a purple cloud;
He lifted up his voice, and cry'd aloud,
Arise, ye dead! come forth, and meet your God;
Then from the clouds sev'n dreadful thunders broke,
And all the dead from their long sleep awoke.

I saw the empyrean heav'n unfold
Her spacious gates, all made of massy gold;
And from her portals, on a great white throne,
The everlasting Son of God came down.
A glorious terror on his brow he bore,
And all the forms of majesty he wore.
Around his head a crown more splendid shone
Than all the fires that gild the torrid zone;
Darting more light than Sol's refulgent rays,
When in the height of his meridian blaze.
Down to his feet a crimson garment roll'd,
Rich-set with glitt'ring gems, and sparkling gold;
I saw the judge in solemn state descend,
And all around his awful throne attend.

Ten thousand times ten thousand seraphs bright,
All crown'd with gold, and clad in robes of light.

Again the trumpet blew ; and from the throne
A troop of angel-ministers came down ;
Survey'd the numerous host on ev'ry side,
And did the wicked from the just divide.

Three times the trumpet pour'd a dreadful sound,
The heav'ns thunder'd, and along the ground
Red lightnings flash'd, and fiery tempests roll'd,
And, from beneath, the spirits of darkness howl'd.
On which, I thought, I heard a voice thus say,
(Loud as a lion roaring for his prey)

“ Ye sons of men, to hear your doom prepare ! ”
Then, were they all caught up into the air.

Now, on the right, a num'rous train appear'd
Of those who had God's righteous laws rever'd ;
His invitation gladly had receiv'd ;
His word obey'd, repented, and believ'd :
From thence in virtue's shining path had trod,
In love to man, and piety to God.
Nearest the throne, a venerable band !
I saw the noble host of martyrs stand.

The rest (who firmly for their master stood,
And, 'midst degenerate ages, dar'd be good)
Had wash'd their garments white in Jesu's blood.
Joy sparkled in their eyes, each face express'd
The peace, the bliss that triumph'd in each breast.
But, O! when round from them I turn'd my eyes,
How chang'd the scene ! how full of dread surprize !

Upon

Upon the left, a ghastly crowd did stand,
Who would not own the Saviour's mild command;
Refus'd his light and easy yoke to bear,
And blush'd his spotless livery to wear.

Here some I saw, who once the path had trod
That led to Sion's hill, the mount of God;
But, for this world, the gospel did forsake,
And vilely from the ways of God drew back.

Here some who (once styl'd men of great renown)
Made trembling nations at their feet bow down;
Who slaughter'd millions, kingdoms overturn'd,
Dispeopled cities, houses and temples burn'd,
And vast destruction spread where-e'r they turn'd;
Borne on fame's tow'ring wing, aloft they rode,
Ador'd by man, are now despis'd by God.

The hypocrite, now stript of his disguise,
Naked appears to the all-seeing eyes
Of him who did their inmost thoughts survey,
And brings their dark designs to open day.
All pale and wan, with downcast eyes they stood;
Alas! there now was no atoning blood;
No pard'ning grace, or mercy mild was near;
But wild confusion, grief, and black despair,
In all its horrid pomp, did in each face appear.

The Lord, in all his glory, now I saw;
My soul was struck with the profoundest awe;
My spirit fainted at the glorious sight;
I must have sunk beneath th' excess of light,
Had not an angel gently bore me up,
And to my trembling lips apply'd a cup

Of

Of balmy nectar, which eternally
 Distils in dew-drops down from life's fair tree.
 The cordial did my sinking spirits cheer;
 I now beheld the world's great judge more clear;
 But, O! how chang'd from him who erst did lay,
 Wrapt in a clod of earth, where oxen feed on hay!
 How diff'rent from the man, who once to me
 Appear'd all-bleeding on Mount Calvary!
 Where I beheld, thro' faith's enlighten'd eye,
 His streaming blood, and heard him groan, and saw him die.
 His looks were cloathed with benigneſt grace;
 Mercy ſat ſmiling on his lovely face;
 On the right-hand he look'd with great delight,
 And thus his ſaints to glory did invite:
 "Ye bleſſed children of my Father, come,
 "And take poſſeſſion of your wiſh'd-for home.
 "I from your eyes will wipe all tears away,
 "And place your happy ſouls where pleaſures ne'er decay;
 "At my right-hand eternally they flow,
 "And ſhall from thence no change or period know.
 "There ſhall you reſt, from ſin and ſorrow free;
 "Eat of the fruit of life's ambroſial tree,
 "And drink full draughts of immortality."
 And now a ſolemn ſilence did enſue;
 But ſtill the awful judge I kept in view;
 When, O tremendous ſight! I ſaw that face,
 Where late ſat ſmiling lovely beams of grace,
 All redden into angry frowns; and now
 Stern juſtice ſat triumphant on his brow.

Upon

SACRED POEMS.

81

Upon the left he cast a dreadful look;
The guilty crowd with chilling horrors shook.
O help! support me, or I die! if near
Some pitying angel stands. What do I hear!
The judge proceeds; the solemn silence broke,
Ten thousand bursting thunders, as he spoke,
Utter'd their dreadful voice; while from his eyes
Fierce kindling flames and deathful lightning flies;
These fearful words he spoke, in wrathful ire;
"Depart, ye curs'd, into eternal fire,
"Prepar'd for that apostate spirit, who fell,
"And his rebellious crew, in the dark den of hell."

I saw the black tartarean gulph expos'd,
Its burning womb a horrid scene disclos'd,
Where unblest'd souls were doom'd to undergo
(O dreadful doom!) a sad variety of woe.
Here tortur'd ghosts to burning rocks were bound;
Others lay raging on the parched ground;
Some on blue seas of boiling brimstone roll'd;
Others beneath the stripes of fierce Nemesis howl'd.
Down, headlong down, the wretched crew were driv'n,
Never to see the smiling face of heav'n,
Where no faint gleam of hope doth ever come,
To give the least relief in this horrendous gloom.

The horrid prospect did my soul affright!
I stood and shudder'd at the dreadful sight.
Tears flow'd amain down from my streaming eyes;
While from the pit I heard those doleful cries:

"O wretched man! who shall deliver me
"From this dark den of endless misery?"

M

* Cast

- " Cast out from God, I mourn my hapless fate,
" But, O! for ever lost! I mourn too late.
" Too late my groans, my tears, my heaving sighs;
" Heav'n is for ever shut to all my cries.
" What dreadful horrors seize m'affrighted soul,
" On waves of burning brimstone doom'd to roll-
" Despair and anguish rage thro' ev'ry part;
" But cannot break my hard, relentless heart.
" When mercy fought, and grace benignly smil'd,
" And sweetly woo'd me to be reconcil'd,
" Obdurate heart! I all that love withstood,
" And trampled under foot that precious blood
" Which would have wash'd my ev'ry crime away,
" And led my peaceful soul where pleasures ne'er decay.
" But, O! I'm left, without all hope of grace,
" To vent my melancholy moans in this sad place.
" No friend to pity my distress is near,
" Or at my mis'ry to let fall a tear.
" But fiends insult, and, as my sorrows flow,
" Devils howl horrible, and mock my woe.
" And must my torments never, never end!
" O dreadful thought! but yet it will not bend
" My stubborn soul, or make me once relent;
" I cannot, must not, will not now repent.
" Envy, like gnawing vultures, tears my breast;
" I envy God; I envy all the blest.
" My tongue pours blasphemies against heav'n's king;
" With groans and hideous yells my ears do ring.
" No dawning ray of hope doth ever come
" To mitigate my pain, in this sad gloom.

" My

“ My fate is fixt, my fearful doom is seal’d ;
 “ Nor must the righteous sentence ever be repeal’d.
 “ Distracting thought !-----”

While I was list’ning to these mournful cries,
 I saw black vapours, fire, and smoke arise,
 Mingled with dreadful groans, and horrid blasphemies. }
 Strait from above loud bell’wing thunders fell,
 And drove horrendous down the gulph of hell ;
 While mighty angels from th’ ethereal steep,
 Hurl’d rocks on rocks over the burning deep,
 And clos’d its dreadful mouth, never to be
 Open’d again to all eternity,

Soon as the judge the righteous doom had giv’n,
 Soft musick sounded from the verge of heav’n ;
 His harp to songs of joy each seraph strung,
 And thus the heav’nly pow’rs alternate sung :

Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates,
 Ye empyrean doors give way,
 Your portals wide display ;
 For, lo ! th’ immortal king of glory waits
 His throne t’ ascend ;
 Ten thousand thousand of his saints attend,
 All clad in bright array,
 To sing the triumphs of this happy day.
 Who is th’ immortal king of glory ? Who !
 The mighty God, who all his foes o’erthrew ;
 Who, by his might,
 Put hell’s dark prince to flight,
 And his infernal legions did subdue,

Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates ;

Ye empyrean doors give way,

Your portals wide display ;

He comes ! victorious o'er hell, death, and sin ;

Receive the conq'ring king of glory in.

Who is the conq'ring king of glory ? Who !

The mighty God, who all his foes o'erthrew.

The Lord of Hosts the king of glory is,

Possess of power and dominion ;

He leads his armies on

To present and eternal bliss,

Loud, loud thro' all the heavenly streets proclaim

The mighty Jesu's name !

Jesu the conq'ring king of glory is.

Here I awoke, amidst a dread surprize

At what had pass'd before my wond'ring eyes ;

A deep concern the vision had impress,

And wak'd these solemn thoughts within my breast ;

And must this universe be all destroy'd ;

Nothing remain but one dark dreary void ?

Must yonder bright refulgent orb of light

Subside in darkness, in eternal night ?

Must all the sparkling stars that deck the sky,

Like sickly leaves in autumn, drop and die ;

Their light extinguish, and their flame expire,

And this fair flood be turn'd to liquid fire ?

These blooming fields and shady groves, must they

Perish in flames, and all in ruin lay ?

And is there, Lord, a day when thou wilt come,

And call mankind to meet their final doom ?

And

SACRED POEMS.

85

And must I there among the rest appear,
 These dreadful, or those joyful words to hear,
 Depart, ye curs'd; or come, thou blessed-one;
 Depart to hell, or rise to yonder throne:
 Depart to endless woe, or come and be
 Happy in my embrace to all eternity?
 Then farewell world, with thy vain shew of good;
 I quit thy joys, and seek my peace in God:
 Adieu, to all thy false deceitful charms;
 I fly from thee to my Redeemer's arms:
 'Tis there, and only there, my soul can find
 A shelter from the blast and stormy wind;
 The blasting pow'r of sin, and storms of wrath,
 Which shall, in that tremendous day, burst forth,
 And in a flood of fiery surges roll,
 T'o'erwhelm the faithless, careless, Christless soul,
 Hear me, O Lord, and from thy lofty throne,
 On a poor sinner look with pity down.
 Attend unto thy helpless creature's pray'r,
 And spare me, O my God, in mercy spare,
 Till all my soul, renew'd by grace divine,
 Does in my dear Redeemer's image shine;
 And thy all-healing Spirit fills my breast
 With peace and joy which cannot be express'd.
 Then let the warring elements combine,
 Loud thunders roar, and horrid lightnings shine;
 The tottering earth beneath my feet give way;
 The heav'ns grow black, sun, moon, and stars decay;
 Let floods of fire in mighty torrents fall,
 And dread eruptions rend this earthly ball;

Let

13 SACRED POEMS.

Let wasting whirlwinds spread destruction round,
And let the last tremendous trumpet sound,
Undaunted shall I stand the dreadful shock,
Seated on Christ, the everlasting rock,
Whose firm foundation never can remove,
Fixt on the basis of eternal love.



E P I T A P H

O N

Mrs. A N N S L A N N.

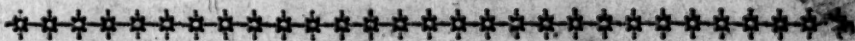
An A C R O S T I C K.

A dieu, vain world; God calls, I must away.
N or is there aught below that's worth my stay.
N ow have I found an end to all my pain,
S afe landed where eternal pleasures reign.
L ong days, and tedious nights, with pain and grief
A fflicted sore, I lay, nor aught could give relief;
N ow death has struck a period to my woe,
N or sorrow, grief, or pain, I more shall know.



EPITAPH.

S A C R E D P O E M S.



E P I T A P H

O N

Master DAVID LANGTON.

An A C R O S T I C K.

D esign'd for heav'n, his soul ascending flew,
A nd early bid this sinful world adieu.
V ain were the efforts to prolong his stay,
I mmortal glory beckon'd him away:
D eath, like a pitying friend, remov'd his pain,
L ull'd him to rest, till Christ returns again,
A nd bids his slumb'ring dust awake, and rise,
N o more to die, but live beyond the skies.
G rieve not, ye parents, when your babes expire,
'T is God commands; his will be your desire.
O stop your tears, let them a passage find
N o more for them who're gone, but those who stay behind.

F I N I S.



WAGNER

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